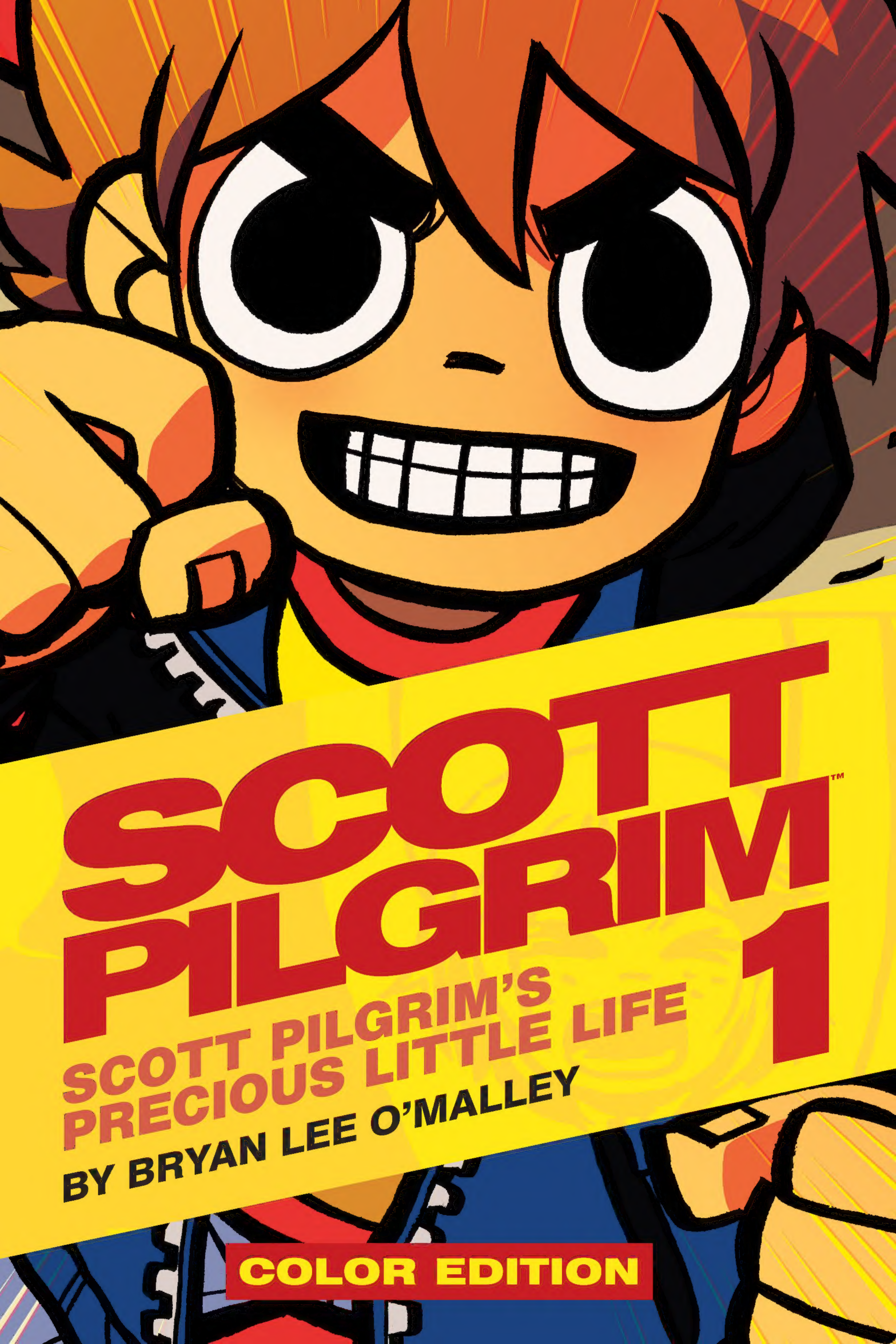

SCOTT PILGRIM™
SCOTT PILGRIM'S PRECIOUS LITTLE LIFE
1
BY BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY
COLOR EDITION

ONI PRESS
PRESENTS

BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY'S


SCOTT PILGRIM

colored by **Nathan Fairbairn**

designed by **Keith Wood** with **Bryan Lee O'Malley**

lettering remastered by **Troy Look**

edited by **James Lucas Jones**

Published by **Oni Press, Inc.**
Joe Nozemack publisher • **James Lucas Jones** editor in chief
Cory Casoni marketing director • **Keith Wood** art director
George Rohac operations director • **Jill Beaton** editor
Charlie Chu editor • **Troy Look** digital prepress lead

ONI PRESS, INC.
1305 SE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd.
Suite A
Portland, OR 97214

www.onipress.com
www.scottpilgrim.com
www.radiomaru.com

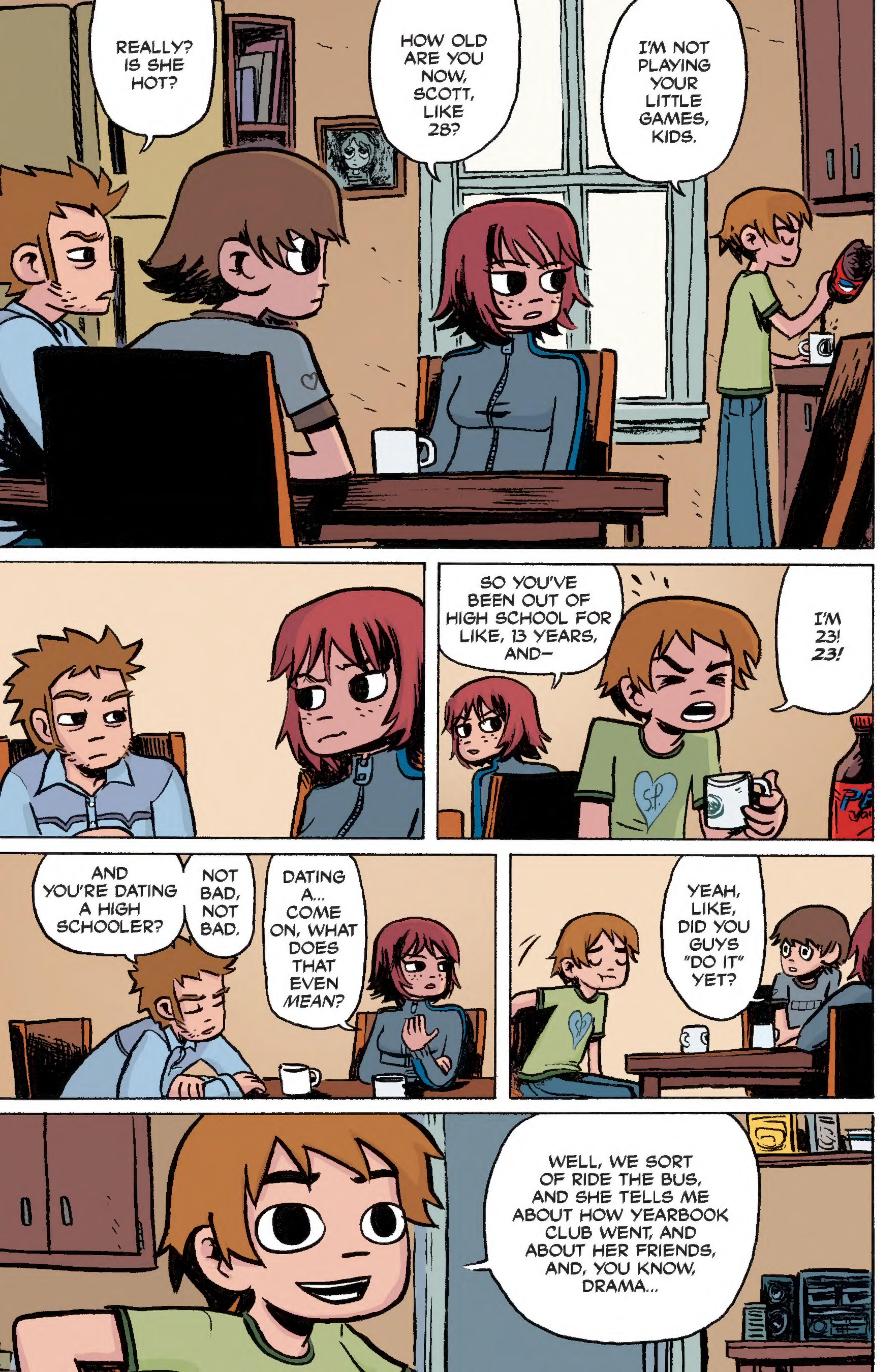
First edition: August 2012

ISBN 978-1-62010-000-4

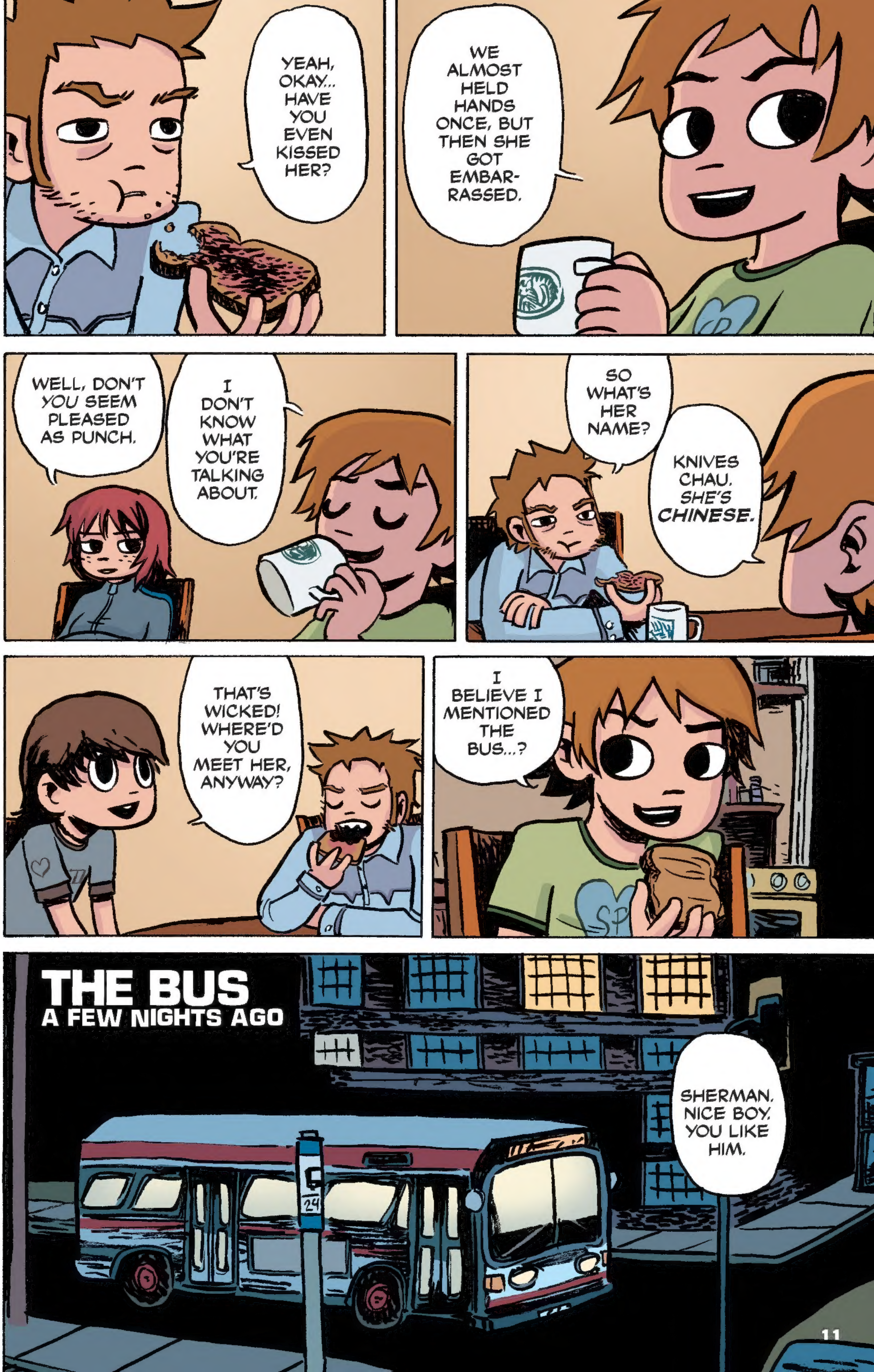
Library of Congress Control Number: 2011933146

20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1





REALLY? IS SHE HOT?
HOW OLD ARE YOU NOW, SCOTT, LIKE 28?
I'M NOT PLAYING YOUR LITTLE GAMES, KIDS.
SO YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL FOR LIKE, 13 YEARS, AND—
I'M 23! *23!*
AND YOU'RE DATING A HIGH SCHOOLER?
NOT BAD, NOT BAD.
DATING A... COME ON, WHAT DOES THAT EVEN *MEAN?*
YEAH, LIKE, DID YOU GUYS "DO IT" YET?
WELL, WE SORT OF RIDE THE BUS, AND SHE TELLS ME ABOUT HOW YEARBOOK CLUB WENT, AND ABOUT HER FRIENDS, AND, YOU KNOW, DRAMA...



YEAH, OKAY... HAVE YOU EVEN KISSED HER?
WE ALMOST HELD HANDS ONCE, BUT THEN SHE GOT EMBAR-RASSED.
WELL, DON'T *YOU* SEEM PLEASED AS PUNCH.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
SO WHAT'S HER NAME?
KNIVES CHAU. *SHE'S CHINESE.*
THAT'S WICKED! WHERE'D YOU MEET HER, ANYWAY?
I BELIEVE I MENTIONED THE BUS...?
THE BUS
A FEW NIGHTS AGO
SHERMAN. NICE BOY. YOU LIKE HIM.


MOM, I'M SERIOUSLY NOT INTERESTED AT ALL.
YOU ARE SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD! TIME TO GET INTERESTED IN BOY!
MOM!
YOU DROP BOOKS.
AAAA!
HOW TO STUDY EVEN HARDER
HOW TO STUDY HARD
TRICKY STUFF PT. 1
GRMBL SNRFT SMKETY
HEY...
TRICKY


DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
SCOTT PILGRIM
23 YEARS OLD
RATING: AWESOME
...AND THAT'S HOW WE MET.
YOU MET HER ON THE *BUS* WITH HER *MOM?*
IS THAT SERIOUSLY THE END OF THE STORY?
YES.

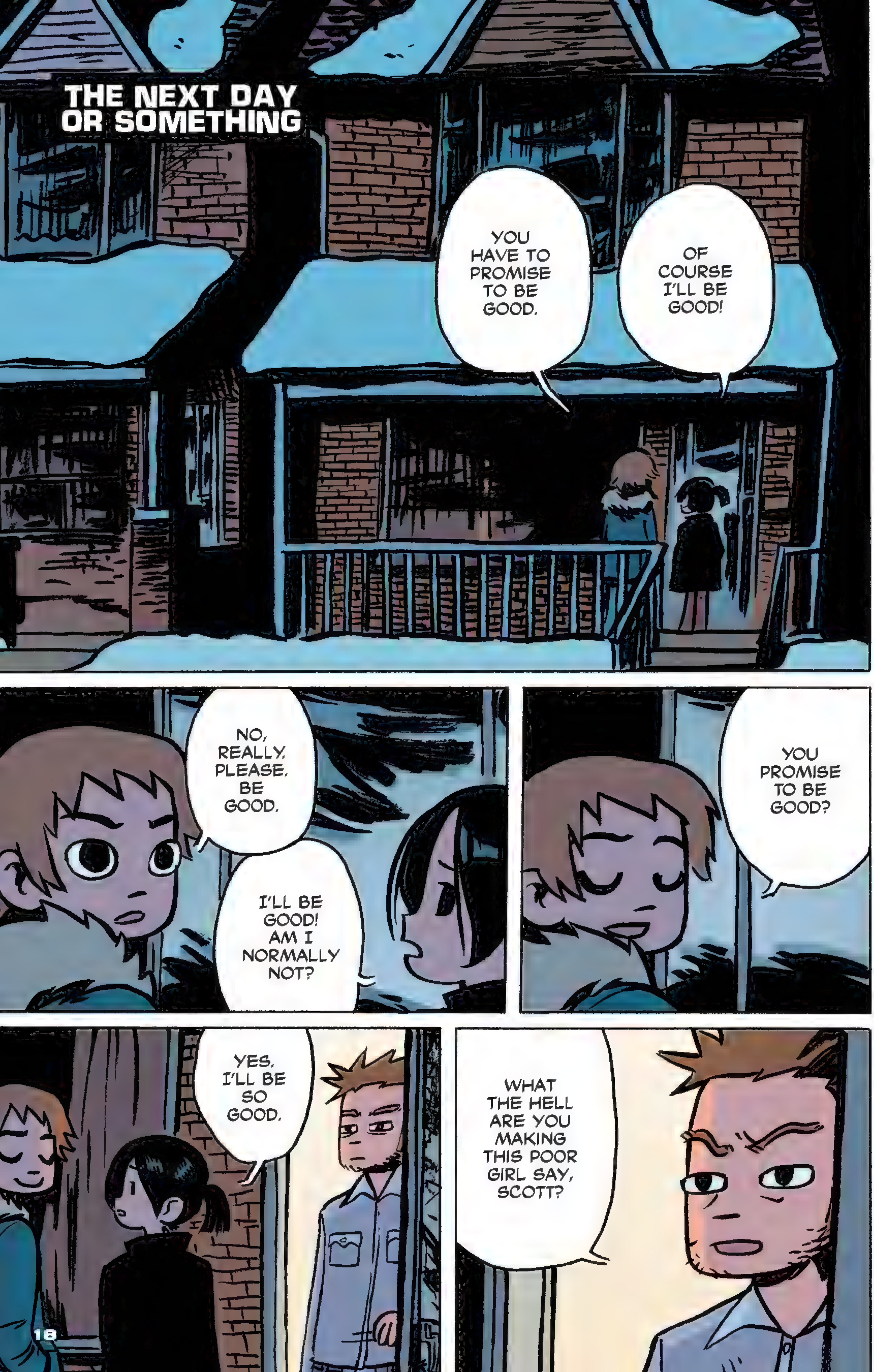
1

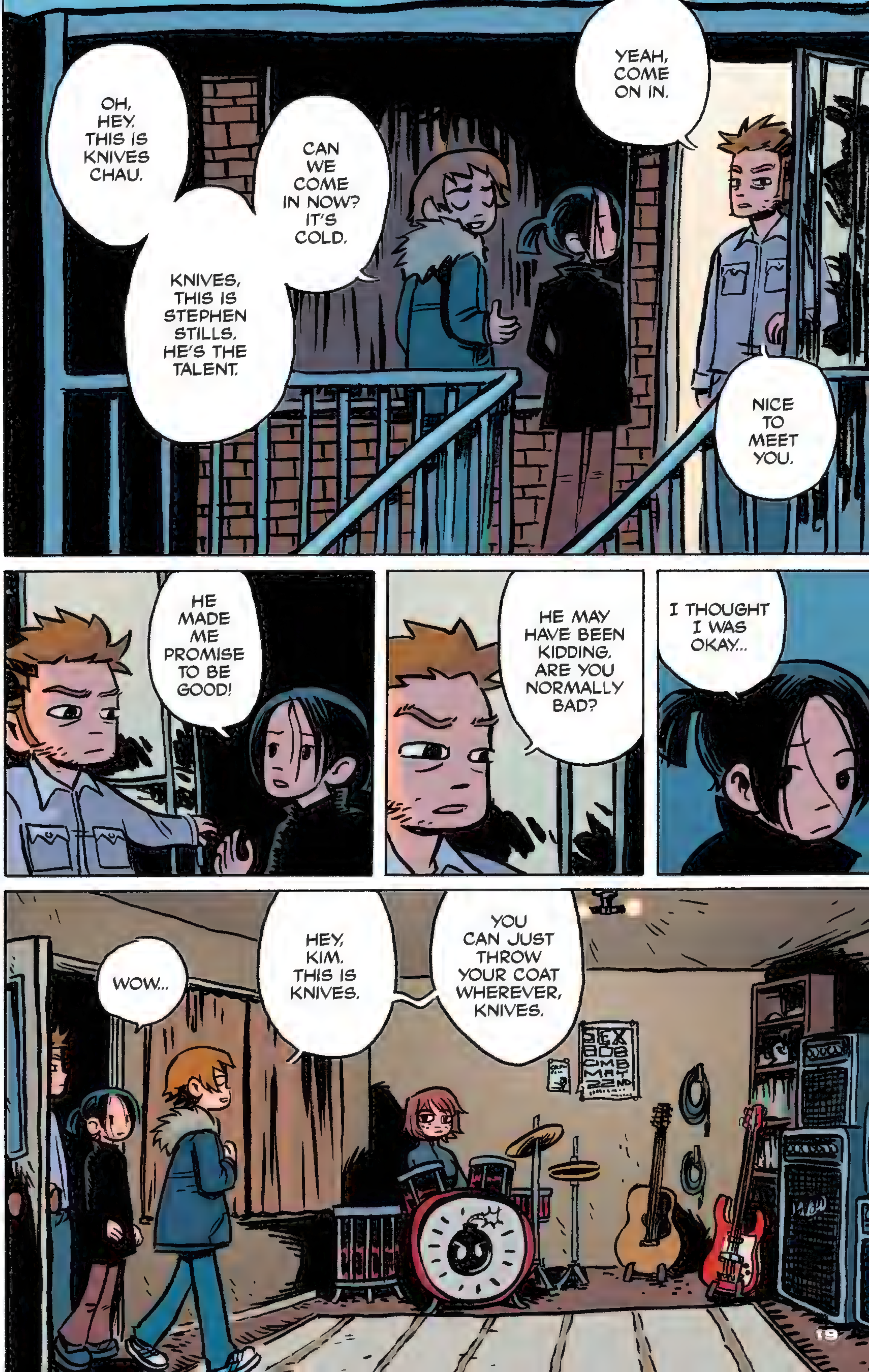
DATING A HIGH SCHOOLER

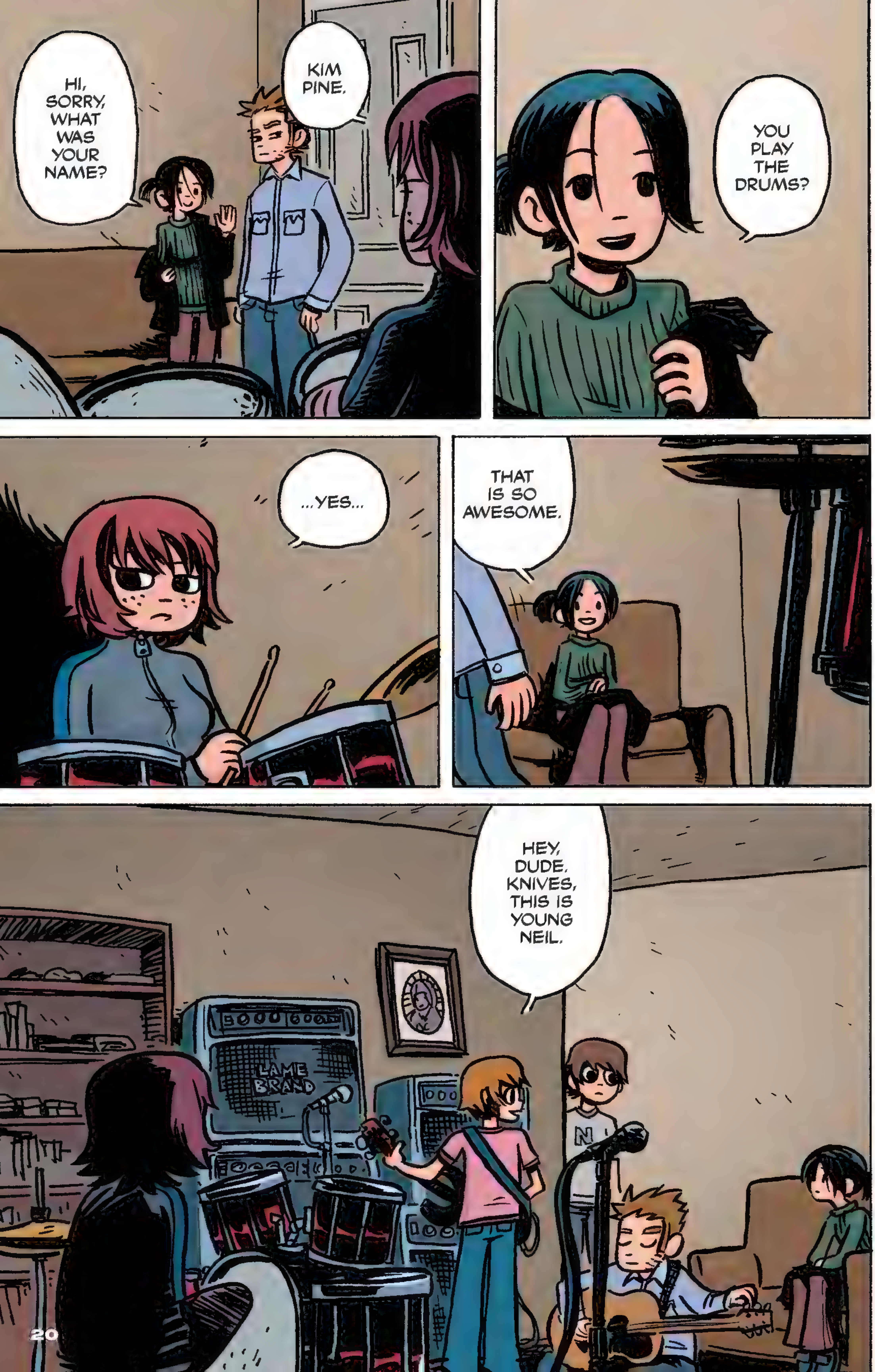



JUST SO I TELL YOU BEFORE YOU HEAR SOME DIRTY LIES FROM SOME-ONE ELSE, YES, I'M DATING A 17-YEAR-OLD.
WALLACE WELLS
ROOMMATE
25 YEARS OLD
RATING: 7.5/10
IS HE CUTE?
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA.

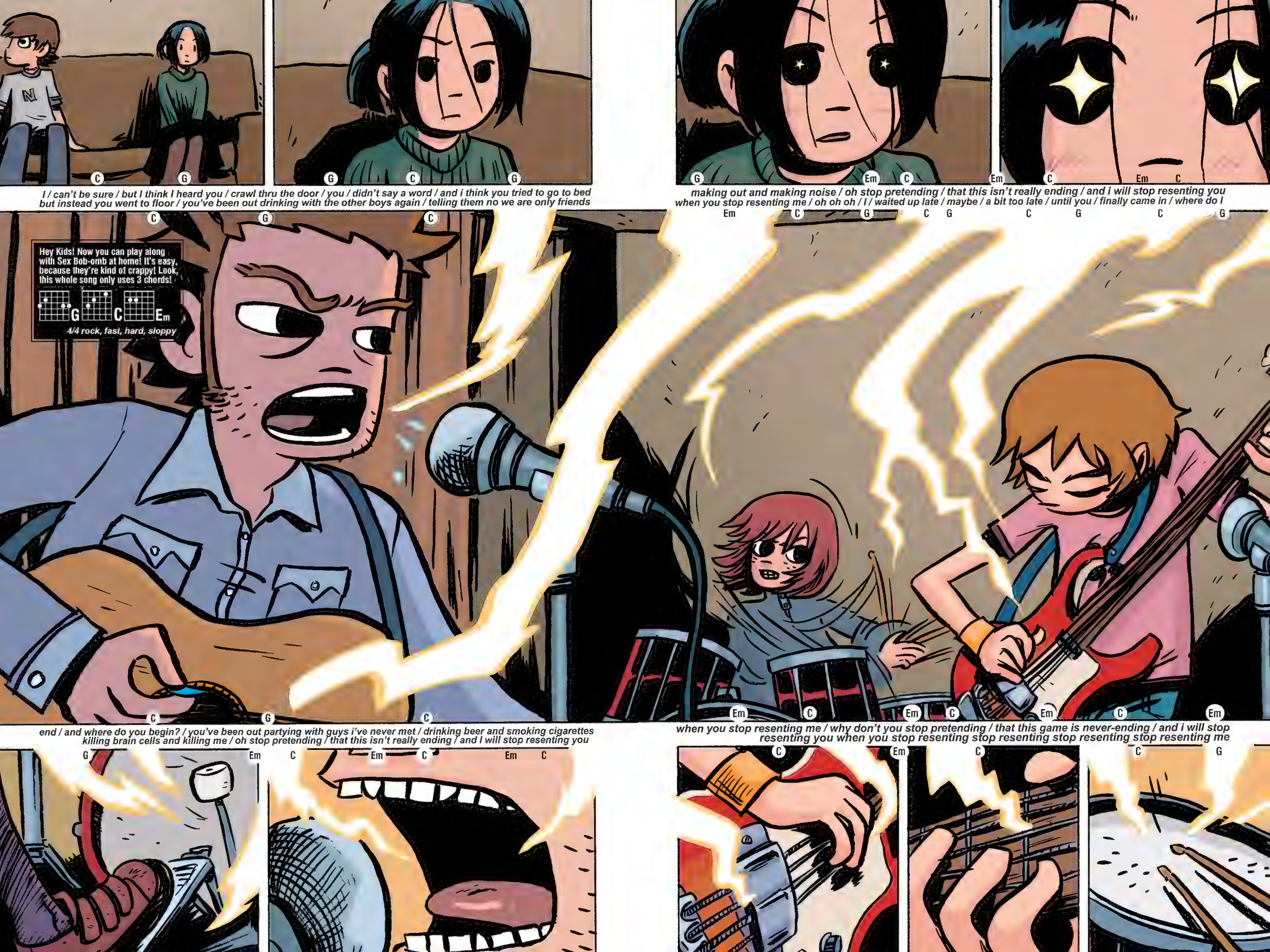

DOES THIS MEAN WE HAVE TO STOP SLEEPING TOGETHER?
DO YOU SEE ANOTHER BED IN HERE?
SCOTT & WALLACE'S APARTMENT: OWNERSHIP DIAGRAM
LAME POSTER (SCOTT)
WALL LAMP (WALLACE)
EASY CHAIR (WALLACE)
EVERYTHING IN THE KITCHEN (WALLACE)
FUTON (WALLACE)
CLOTHES ON FLOOR AND STUFF (SCOTT)
THROW RUG (WALLACE)
SHOES LYING AROUND (SCOTT)
SCOTT'S COAT
WALLACE'S COAT (BETTER)
TELEVISION (WALLACE)
SCOTT'S TOOTHBRUSH (WALLACE PAID FOR IT)
VIDEO GAME SYSTEMS & GAMES (WALLACE)
COMPUTER (WALLACE)
SHELF (WALLACE)
BOOKS AND CDs (WALLACE)
TABLE (WALLACE)
WALLACE'S SOCKS (ON SCOTT'S FEET)
YOU'RE TOTALLY MY BITCH FOREVER, SCOTT.

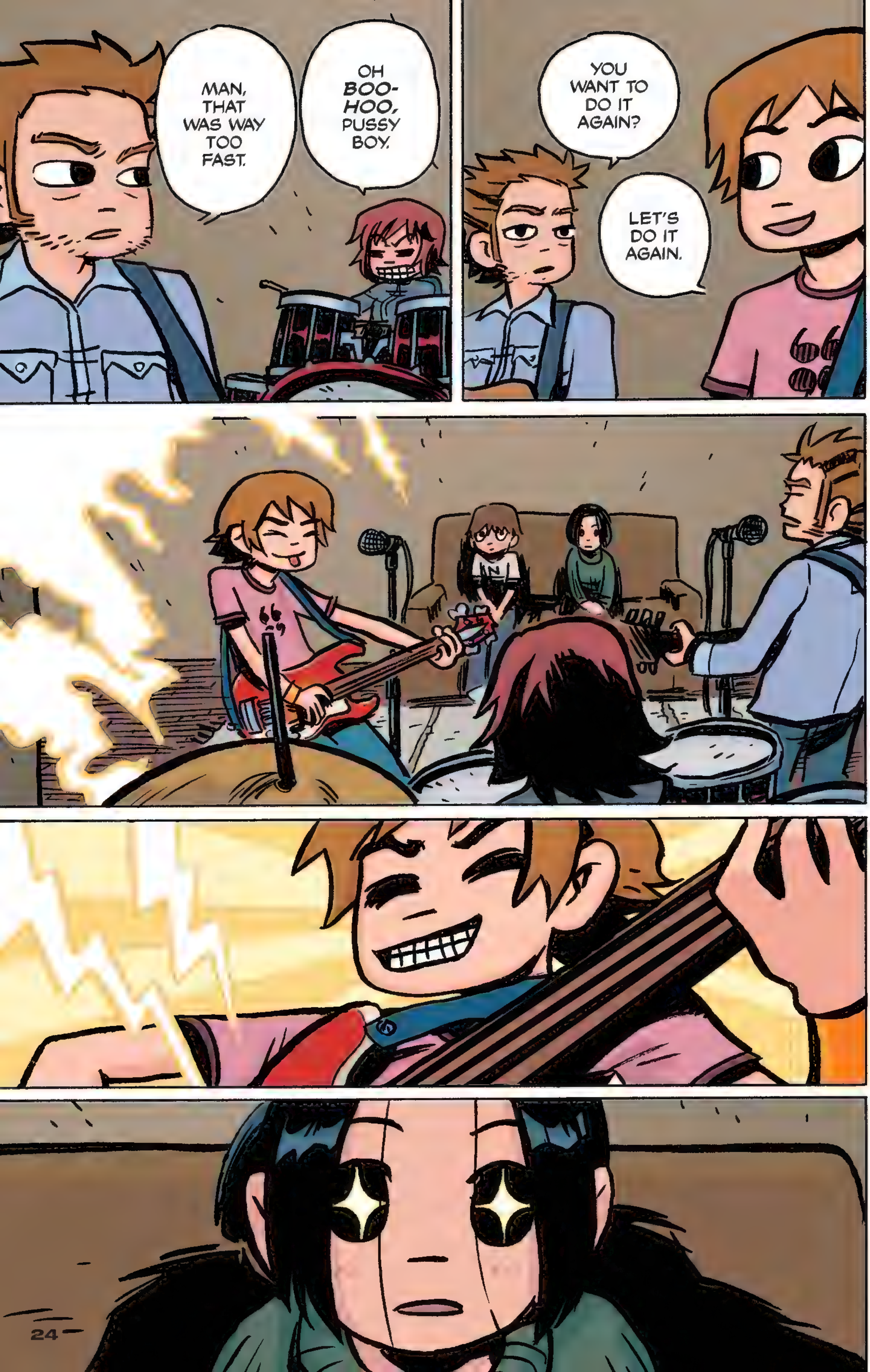

THE NEXT DAY OR SOMETHING
YOU HAVE TO PROMISE TO BE GOOD.
OF COURSE I'LL BE GOOD!
NO, REALLY. PLEASE. BE GOOD.
I'LL BE GOOD! AM I NORMALLY NOT?
YOU PROMISE TO BE GOOD?
YES. I'LL BE SO GOOD.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU MAKING THIS POOR GIRL SAY, SCOTT?

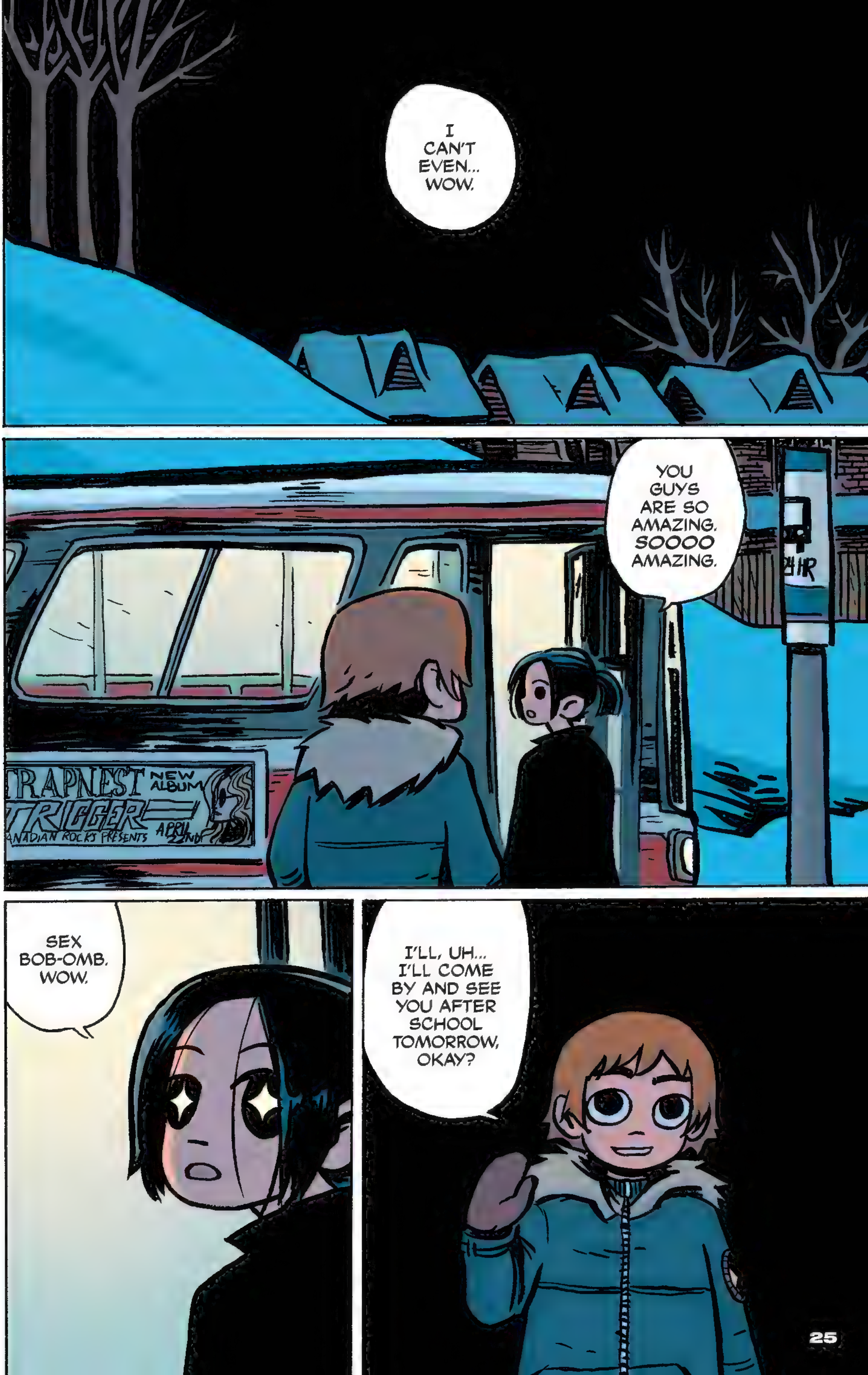

OH, HEY. THIS IS KNIVES CHAU.
CAN WE COME IN NOW? IT'S COLD.
KNIVES, THIS IS STEPHEN STILLS. HE'S THE TALENT.
YEAH, COME ON IN.
NICE TO MEET YOU.
HE MADE ME PROMISE TO BE GOOD!
HE MAY HAVE BEEN KIDDING. ARE YOU NORMALLY BAD?
I THOUGHT I WAS OKAY...
WOW...
HEY, KIM. THIS IS KNIVES.
YOU CAN JUST THROW YOUR COAT WHEREVER, KNIVES.
SEX BOB-OMB MAY 22ND

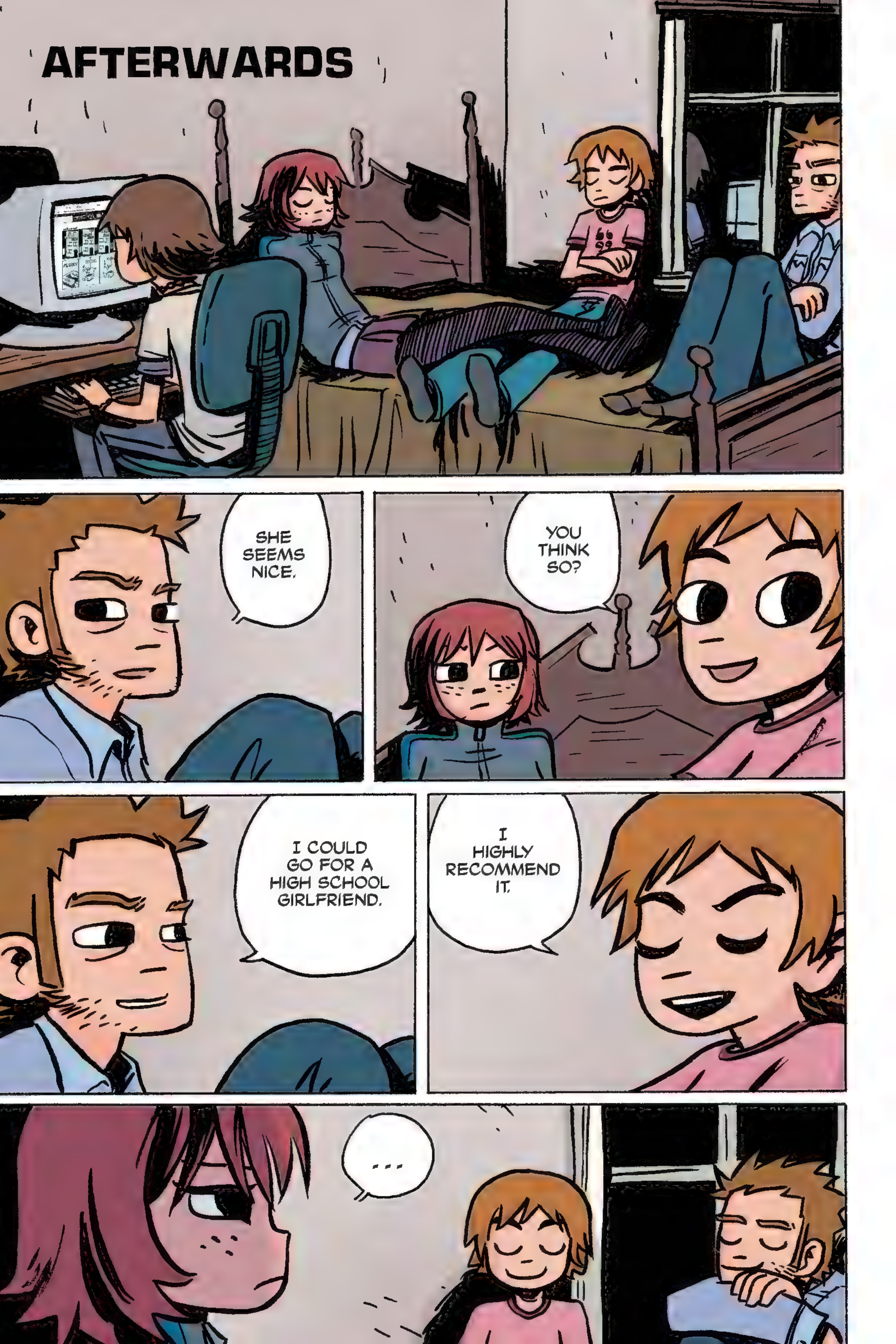

HI, SORRY, WHAT WAS YOUR NAME?
KIM PINE.
YOU PLAY THE DRUMS?
...YES...
THAT IS SO AWESOME.
HEY, DUDE. KNIVES, THIS IS YOUNG NEIL.
LAME BRAND

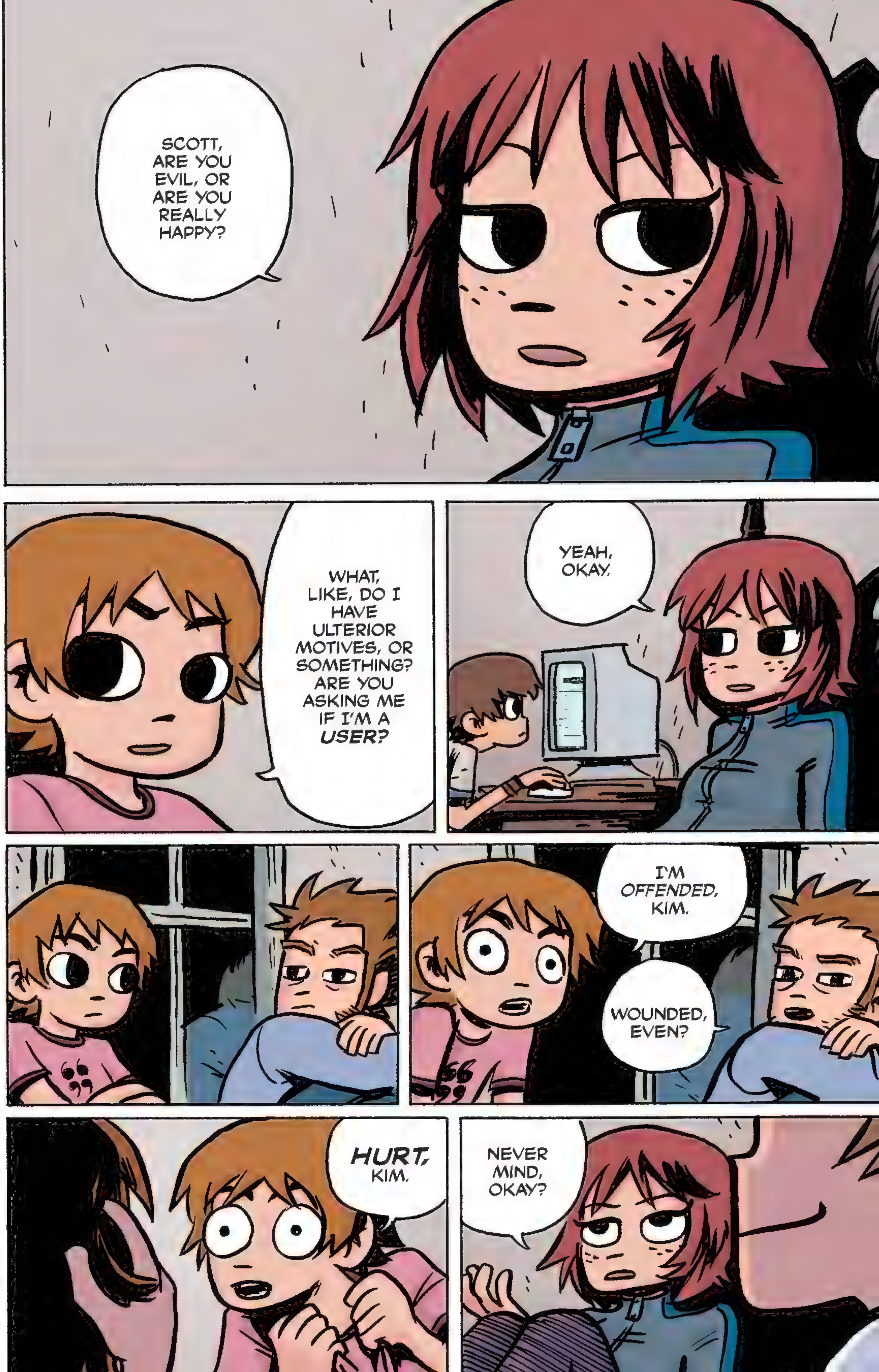

NEIL NORDEGRAF.
WHAT DO YOU PLAY?
UM... NOTHING. I JUST LIVE HERE.
OH...
OKAY, LET'S START WITH LAUNCHPAD MCQUACK.
THAT'S NOT THE ACTUAL TITLE OF THE SONG.
?
WE ARE SEX BOB-OMB!
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!


I / can't be sure / but I think I heard you / crawl thru the door / you / didn't say a word / and i think you tried to go to bed
but instead you went to floor / you've been out drinking with the other boys again / telling them no we are only friends
making out and making noise / oh stop pretending / that this isn't really ending / and i will stop resenting you
when you stop resenting me / oh oh oh / I / I / waited up late / maybe / a bit too late / until you / finally came in / where do I
Hey Kids! Now you can play along with Sex Bob-omb at home! It's easy, because they're kind of crappy! Look, this whole song only uses 3 chords!
G C Em
4/4 rock, fast, hard, sloppy
end / and where do you begin? / you've been out partying with guys i've never met / drinking beer and smoking cigarettes
killing brain cells and killing me / oh stop pretending / that this isn't really ending / and I will stop resenting you
when you stop resenting me / why don't you stop pretending / that this game is never-ending / and i will stop
resenting you when you stop resenting stop resenting stop resenting stop resenting me

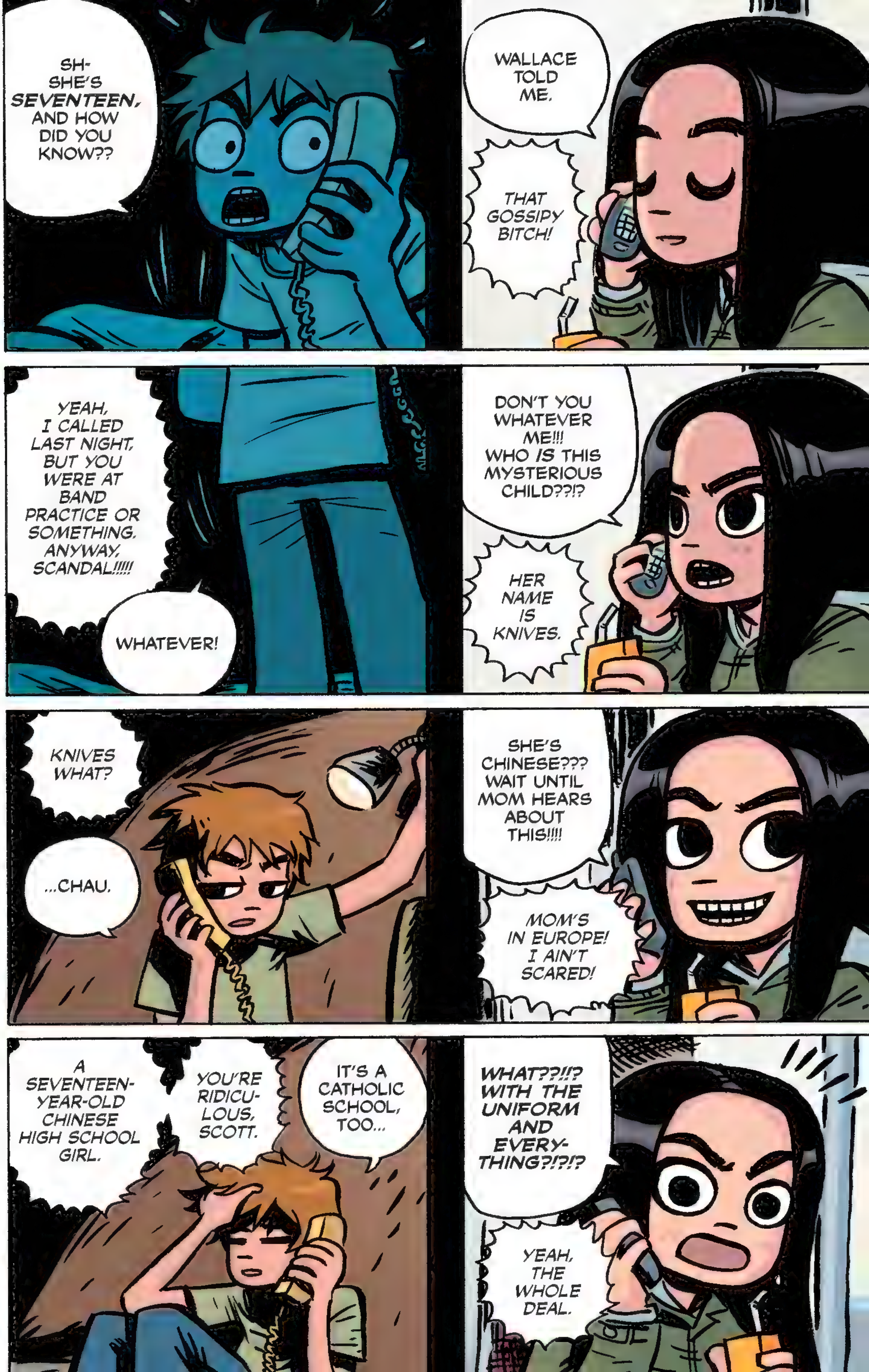

MAN, THAT WAS WAY TOO FAST.
OH BOO-HOO, PUSSY BOY.
YOU WANT TO DO IT AGAIN?
LET'S DO IT AGAIN.


I CAN'T EVEN... WOW.
YOU GUYS ARE SO AMAZING. SOOOO AMAZING.
TRAPNEST NEW ALBUM TRIGGER CANADIAN ROCKS PRESENTS APRIL 22ND
SEX BOB-OMB. WOW.
I'LL, UH... I'LL COME BY AND SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL TOMORROW, OKAY?


AFTERWARDS
SHE SEEMS NICE.
YOU THINK SO?
I COULD GO FOR A HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIEND.
I HIGHLY RECOMMEND IT.
...


SCOTT, ARE YOU EVIL, OR ARE YOU REALLY HAPPY?
WHAT, LIKE, DO I HAVE ULTERIOR MOTIVES, OR SOMETHING? ARE YOU ASKING ME IF I'M A *USER?*
YEAH, OKAY.
I'M *OFFENDED,* KIM.
WOUNDED, EVEN?
HURT, KIM.
NEVER MIND, OKAY?


RIIIING
SCOTT W. PILGRIM
Wallace P. Wells
JUNK MAIL PLZ.
RIIIING
RIIIIIING
RIIIIINGy
...HELLO?
SCOTT? DID I WAKE YOU UP? IT'S TWELVE THIRTY!!!!
STACEY PILGRIM
19 YEARS OLD
YOUNGER SISTER
RATING: "T" FOR TEEN
OHH... NO... I'VE TOTALLY BEEN AWAKE FOR SEVERAL HOURS.
SEVERAL.
YEAH, RIGHT! WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU DATING A SIXTEEN-YEAR OLD?!?!

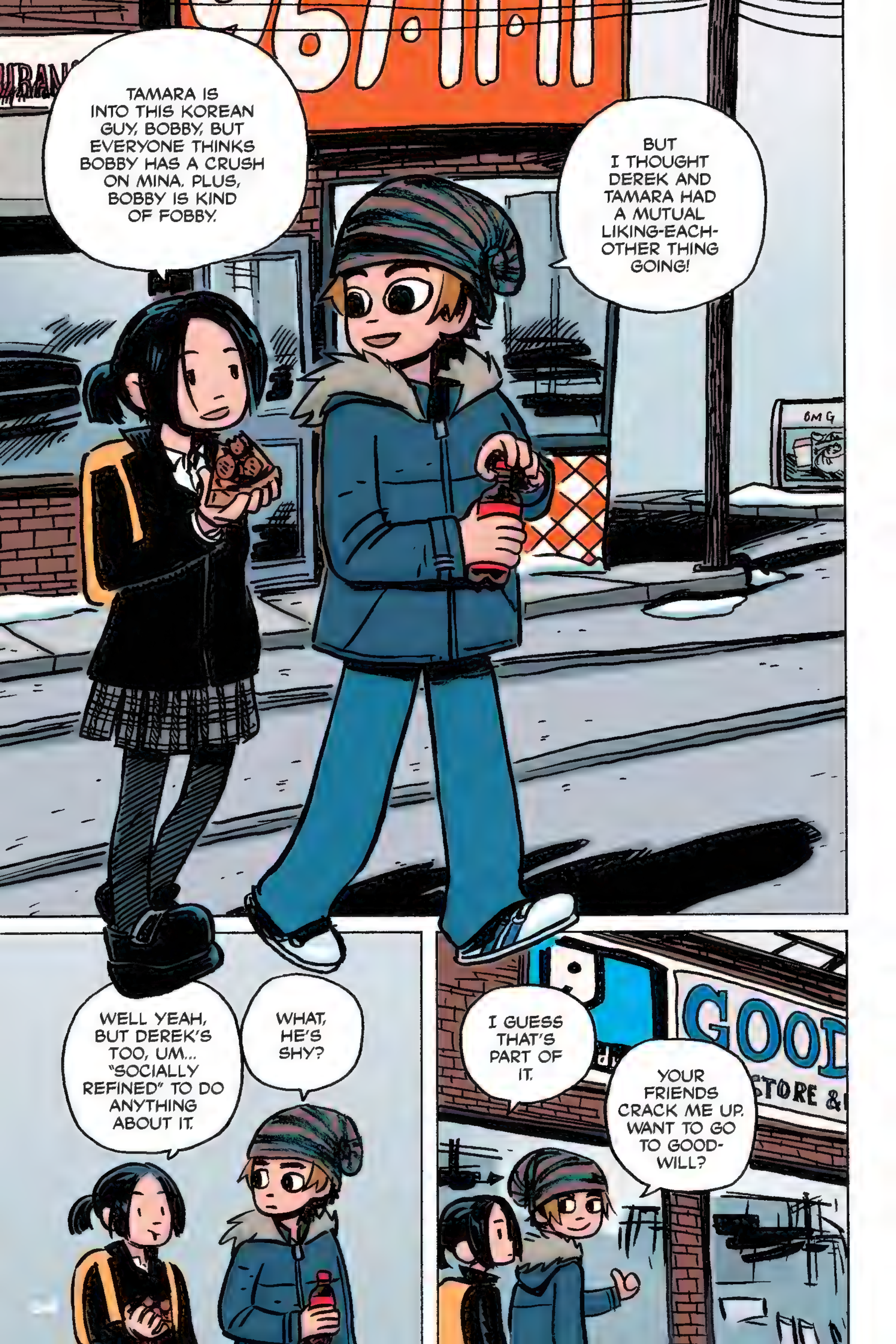

SH- SHE'S SEVENTEEN, AND HOW DID YOU KNOW??
WALLACE TOLD ME.
THAT GOSSIPY BITCH!
YEAH, I CALLED LAST NIGHT, BUT YOU WERE AT BAND PRACTICE OR SOMETHING. ANYWAY, SCANDAL!!!!!
WHATEVER!
DON'T YOU WHATEVER ME!!! WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS CHILD??!?
HER NAME IS KNIVES.
KNIVES WHAT?
...CHAU.
SHE'S CHINESE??? WAIT UNTIL MOM HEARS ABOUT THIS!!!!
MOM'S IN EUROPE! I AIN'T SCARED!
A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD CHINESE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.
YOU'RE RIDICU-LOUS, SCOTT.
IT'S A CATHOLIC SCHOOL, TOO...
WHAT??!!? WITH THE UNIFORM AND EVERY-THING?!?!?
YEAH, THE WHOLE DEAL.


OH MY GOD, YOU HAVEN'T–
NO NO NO NO NO. GOD, NO. WE HAVEN'T EVEN HELD HANDS. I *THINK* SHE HUGGED ME ONCE.
UM, SCOTT... WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
I... I DON'T KNOW. IT'S JUST NICE, YOU KNOW? IT'S JUST SIMPLE.
IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE YOU BROKE UP WITH–
YEAH, YEAH.
SO ARE YOU LEGITIMATELY MOVING ON, OR IS THIS JUST YOU BEING INSANE?
I'LL LET YOU KNOW, OKAY?


I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE AT ALL.
NO, IT'S COOL. CHILL OUT. IT'S LIKE IN *TRAIN-SPOTTING.*
OKAY, FIRST OF ALL, IN *TRAINSPOTTING,* REMEMBER HOW HE WAS FREAKING OUT AND ALL WORRIED? THAT WAS BECAUSE HE KNEW IT WAS SICK AND WRONG AND ***ILLEGAL.***
SECONDLY, REMEMBER HOW SHE WAS ***COERCING*** HIM INTO DATING HER?
NO, DUDE, IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AT ALL.
YOU JUST ***SAID*** IT WAS LIKE THAT!
OKAY, MAYBE I DIDN'T WATCH THAT MOVIE VERY CAREFULLY.


WE'RE ALMOST THERE. I'M LEAVING. I'M NOT DOING THIS WITH YOU.
NO, DUDE, IT'S OKAY. THIS SCHOOL HAS BOYS, TOO.
I HATE YOU.
OKAY, LET'S WAIT RIGHT HERE.
SCOTT!


HEYYyy! ♡
HEY, WHAT'S UP? THIS IS MY COOL GAY ROOMMATE, WALLACE WELLS.
OH, HI! I'M KNIVES. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO IN MY CLASS IS GAY?
...
YES. DOES HE WEAR GLASSES?
WALLACE, YOU GO NOW. YOU LEAVE. BEGONE.
AWW...WAIT! WHAT? THIS SUCKS! YOU SUCK!
I PROMISE I'LL GIVE YOU THE INSIDE SCOOP ON ALL THE CUTE BOYS NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, WALLACE.
YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR HIM.
WALLACE IS PRETTY FUNNY! CAN WE GET PIZZA? I'M STARVING!
HEH... YEAH. FUNNY.


TAMARA IS INTO THIS KOREAN GUY, BOBBY, BUT EVERYONE THINKS BOBBY HAS A CRUSH ON MINA. PLUS, BOBBY IS KIND OF FOBBY.
BUT I THOUGHT DEREK AND TAMARA HAD A MUTUAL LIKING-EACH-OTHER THING GOING!
WELL YEAH, BUT DEREK'S TOO, UM... "SOCIALLY REFINED" TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
WHAT, HE'S SHY?
I GUESS THAT'S PART OF IT.
YOUR FRIENDS CRACK ME UP. WANT TO GO TO GOOD-WILL?


BUT YEAH, YEARBOOK CLUB WAS BASICALLY FUN TODAY.
IT'S WEIRD HOW IT'S LIKE HALF ASIANS THIS YEAR.
...I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN IN HERE.
AHH, IT AIN'T ALL THAT.
MOST OF THIS STUFF IS BAD, BUT NOT IN THE HILARIOUS WAY.
YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.
SO, YOUR BAND...
IT'S NOT REALLY MY BAND. IT'S MOSTLY STEPHEN STILLS' THING.
DO YOU ALWAYS REFER TO HIM BY HIS FULL NAME?
WHO, STEPHEN STILLS? YES.


WHO-EVER'S BAND IT IS, I REALLY LIKE IT.
WELL, THANKS.
I DON'T LISTEN TO THAT MUCH MUSIC, AND, I MEAN, I KNOW A LOT OF KIDS WHO PLAY PIANO OR WHATEVER, BUT YOU GUYS ROCK.
I KNEW THAT I PERSONALLY ROCKED, BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED THAT WE ROCKED AS A UNIT. THANK YOU, KNIVES.
HMM, THIS IS ACTUALLY PRETTY CUTE. TOO BAD IT'S WINTER...
HEY, SPRING'S AROUND THE CORNER. TRY IT ON.
NO, NO... I MEAN...
...I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I'D BUY IT.

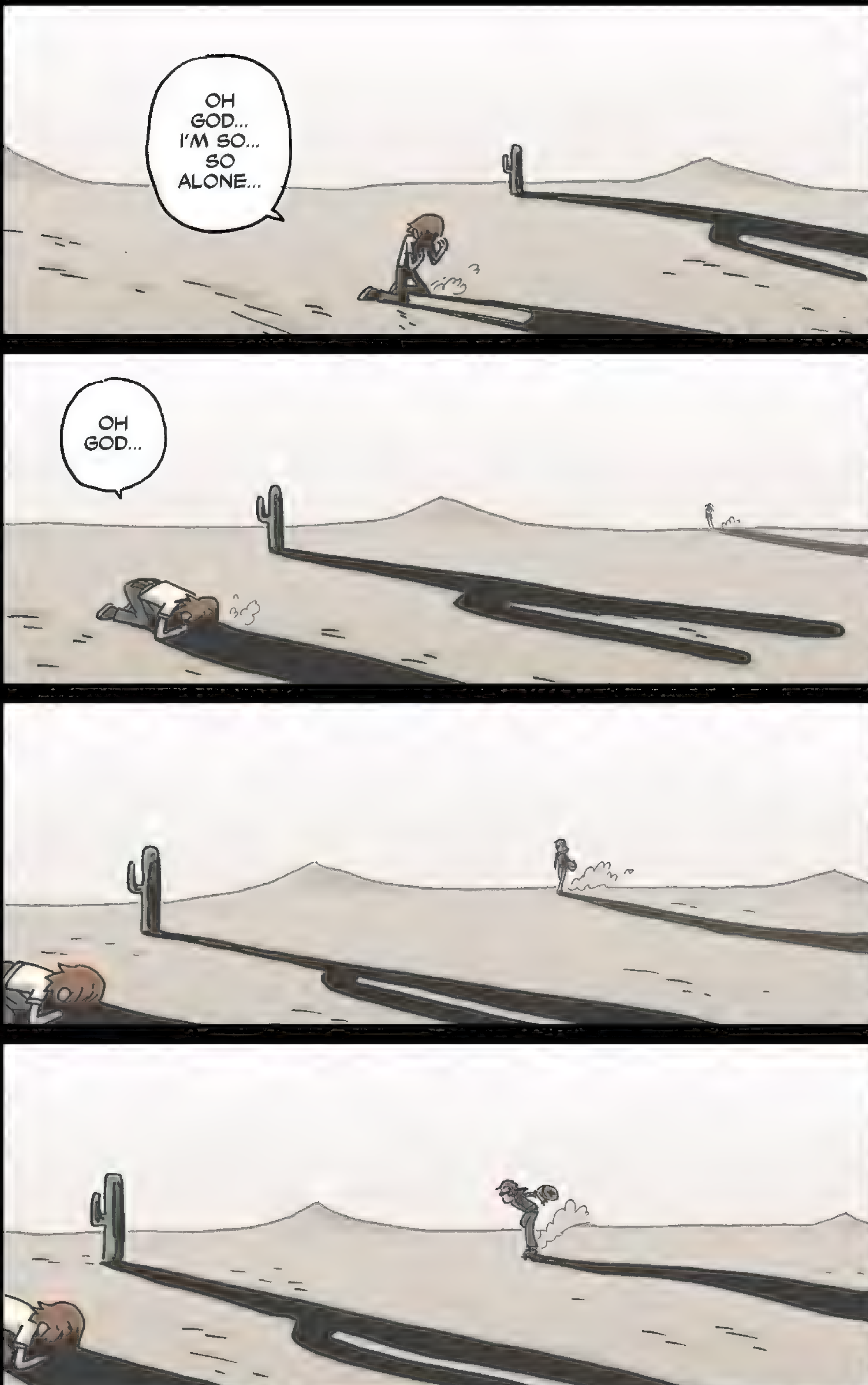

WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS...
I MEAN, I'VE... I'VE NEVER GONE OUT WITH SOMEONE SO TALENTED.
HAVE YOU GONE OUT WITH A LOT OF GUYS?
CLEANER
SCHERF INSUR
Beer!
OMG
...
NO!
YEAH, SO WHAT-EVER, MAN!
I'VE NEVER EVEN KISSED A GUY.
ME NEITHER.
GOOD TO KNOW.


WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW? YOUR SECRET LAIR?
MY SECRET LAIR IS ONE OF THOSE "NO GIRLS ALLOWED" DEALS, ACTUALLY.
SO WHERE?
IT'S... OKAY, IT'S MY OLD HOUSE. IT'S WHERE I LIVED WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL.
DO YOUR PARENTS STILL LIVE THERE?
NO, THEY LEFT... THEY SOLD IT. *SIGH*


SO YEAH, THIS IS WHERE IT ALL HAP-PENED.
IT'S SO PRETTY.

Scratch scratch
I'LL, UH... I'LL WALK YOU TO THE BUS STOP, OKAY?


OH...

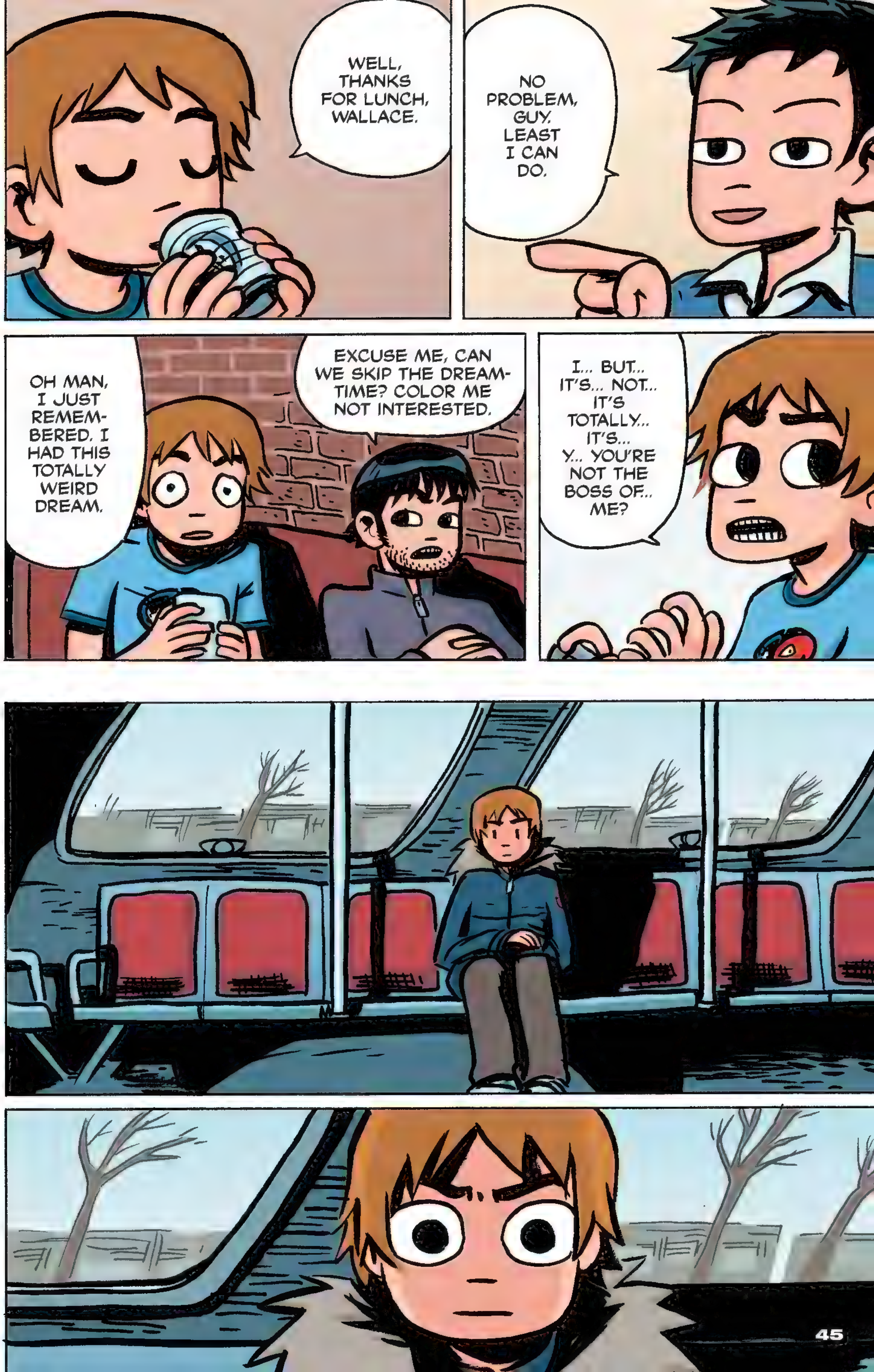

OH GOD... I'M SO... SO ALONE...
OH GOD...


I'M SO—
OH, SHUT UP.
YOU'RE NOT ALONE. YOU'RE JUST HAVING SOME IDIOTIC DREAM.



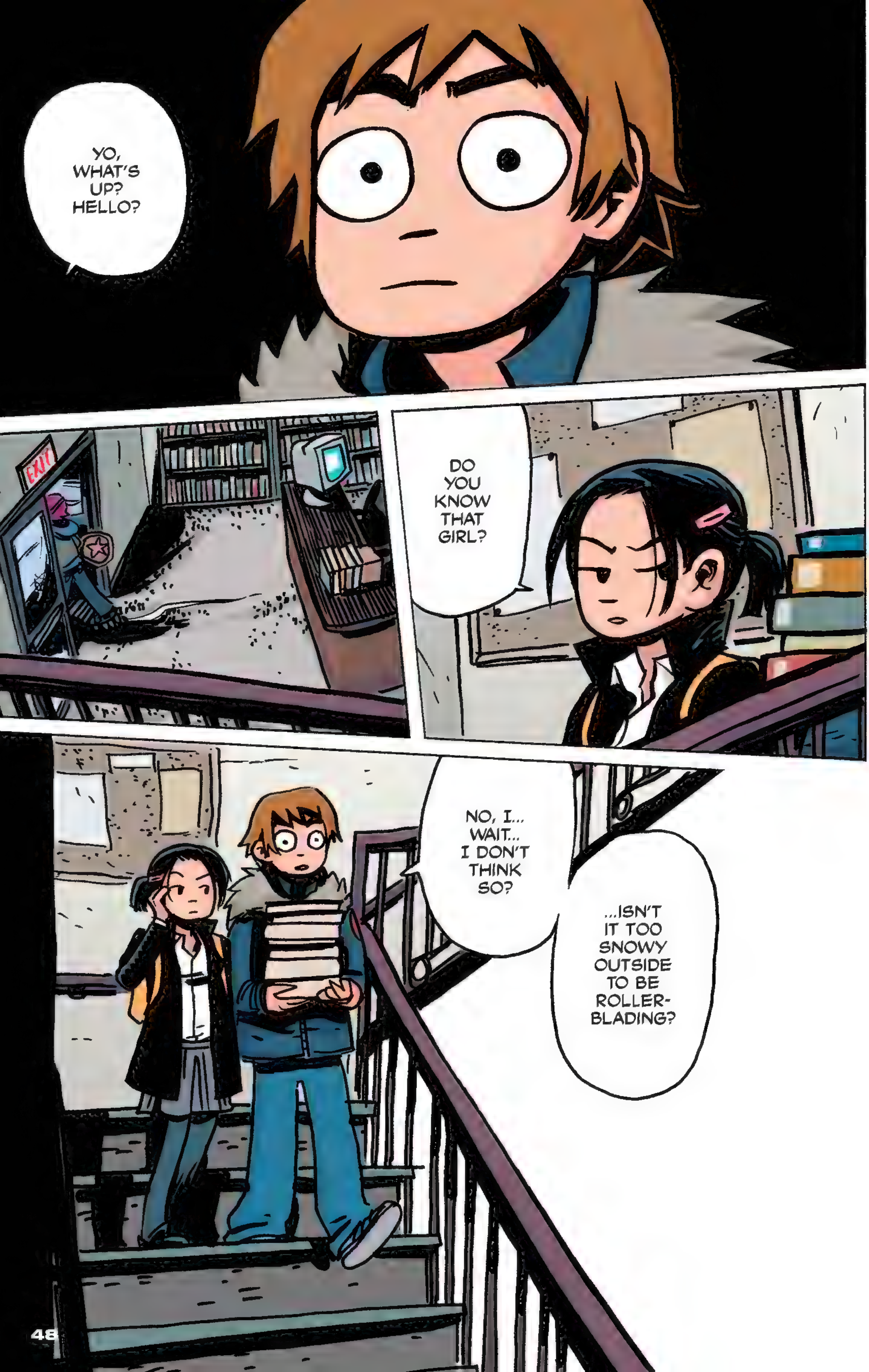
2
DO YOU KNOW HER?

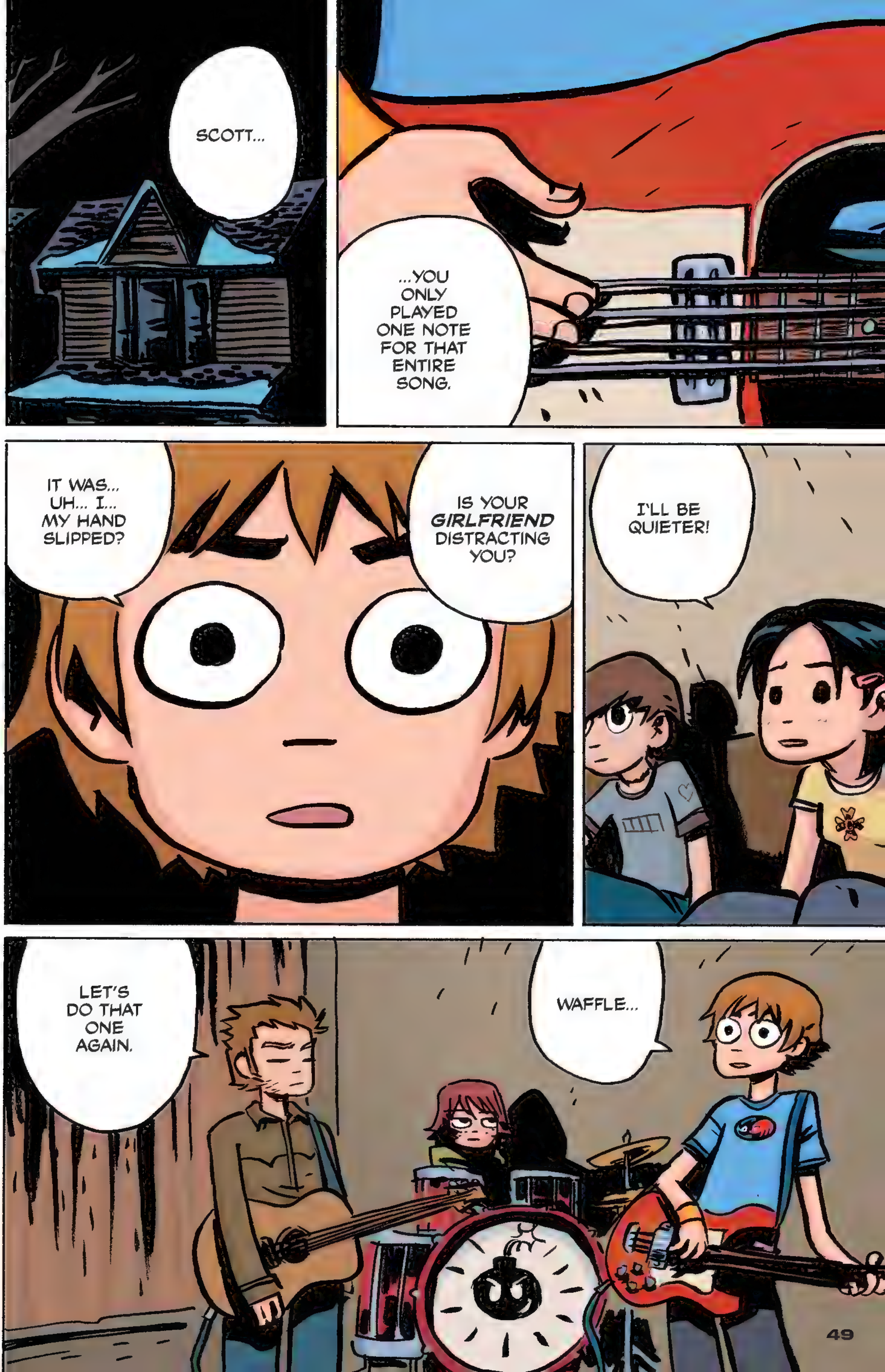

NIPPON SUSHI
DO YOU WANT THE LAST SALMON THINGY?
NO, YOU GO AHEAD.
BUT I'M FULL... OR AM I JUST UNBEARABLY KIND?
REALLY, IT'S YOURS.
NO, WALLACE, I INSIST.
YOINK.
YOU DESERVE THAT MORE THAN I DO, OTHER SCOTT.
DAMN STRAIGHT.


WELL, THANKS FOR LUNCH, WALLACE.
NO PROBLEM, GUY. LEAST I CAN DO.
OH MAN, I JUST REMEMBERED. I HAD THIS TOTALLY WEIRD DREAM.
EXCUSE ME, CAN WE SKIP THE DREAM-TIME? COLOR ME NOT INTERESTED.
I... BUT... IT'S... NOT... IT'S TOTALLY... IT'S... Y... YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF... ME?


TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
WYCHWOOD BRANCH
OKAY, THAT SHOULD DO IT.
THIS IS SO WEIRD...
WHAT'S WEIRD?
LIBRARIES ALWAYS REMIND ME OF GRADE SCHOOL.
THAT MUST SEEM LIKE A REALLY LONG TIME AGO.
YEAH, UGH... LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THIS ANY-MORE.


JUST SIGN IT RIGHT— YEAH, THERE. THANKS.
STUDY
AMAZON.CA
Delivery slip


YO, WHAT'S UP? HELLO?
EXIT
DO YOU KNOW THAT GIRL?
NO, I... WAIT... I DON'T THINK SO?
...ISN'T IT TOO SNOWY OUTSIDE TO BE ROLLER-BLADING?


SCOTT...
...YOU ONLY PLAYED ONE NOTE FOR THAT ENTIRE SONG.
IT WAS... UH... I... MY HAND SLIPPED?
IS YOUR GIRLFRIEND DISTRACTING YOU?
I'LL BE QUIETER!
LET'S DO THAT ONE AGAIN.
WAFFLE...

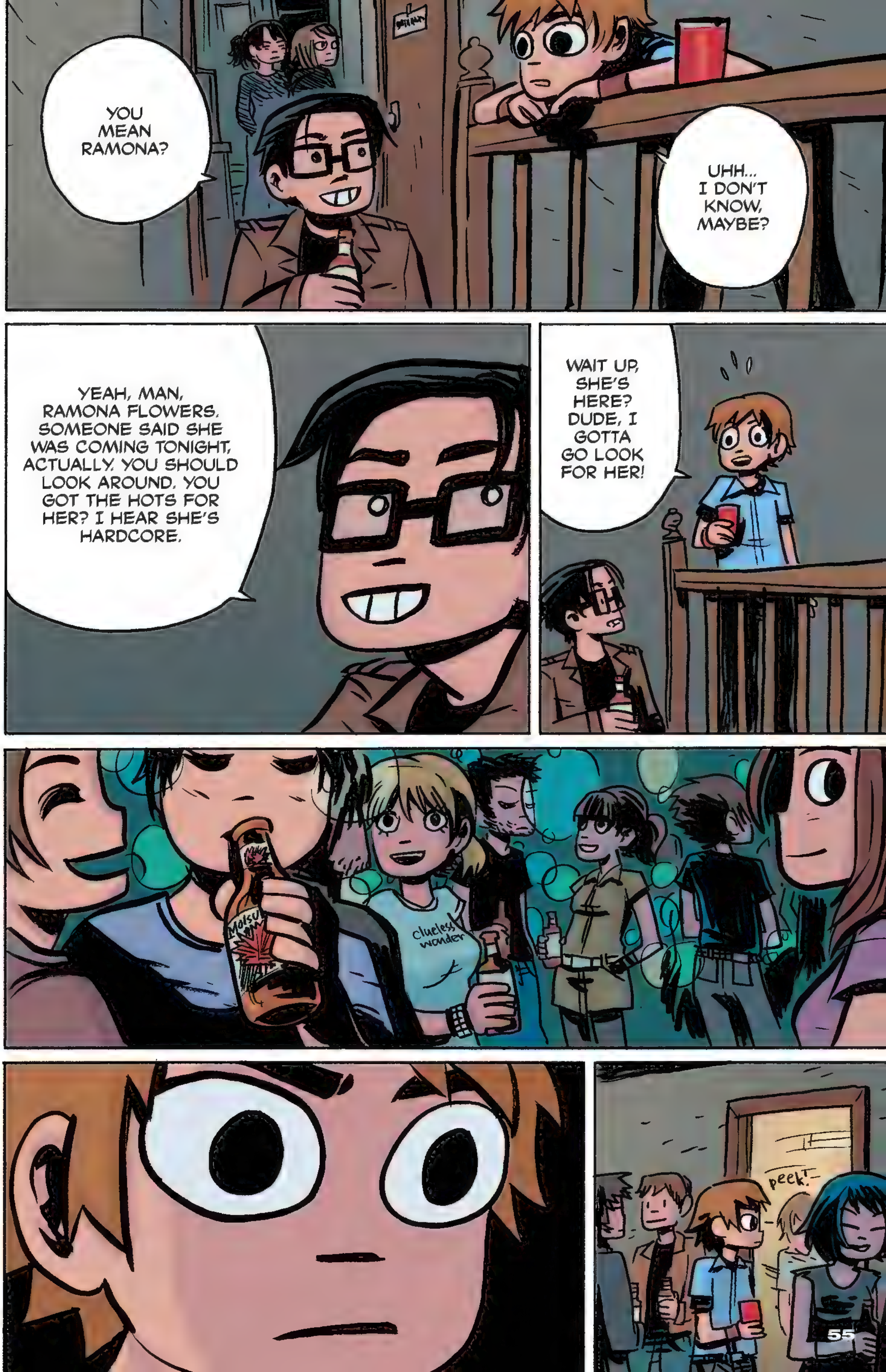

KEEP UP THE PACE ♪
Rickenbacker

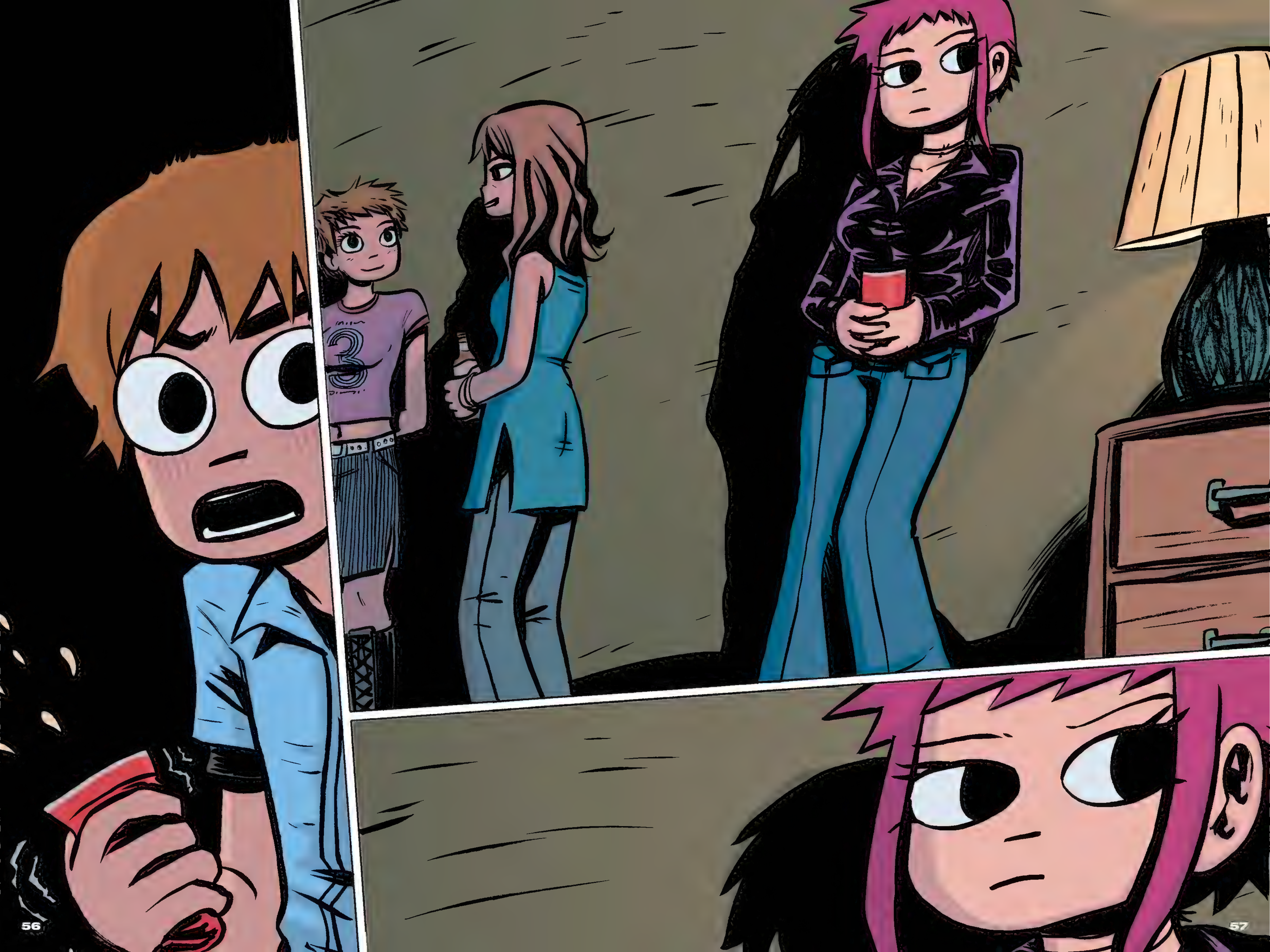

THIS WAS NOT THE CASE
I NEVER LOVED YOU
YOU WERE SUCH A SPAZ
GET OVER YOURSELF


I'M DREAMING.
GOOD CALL.
...WHAAA...?

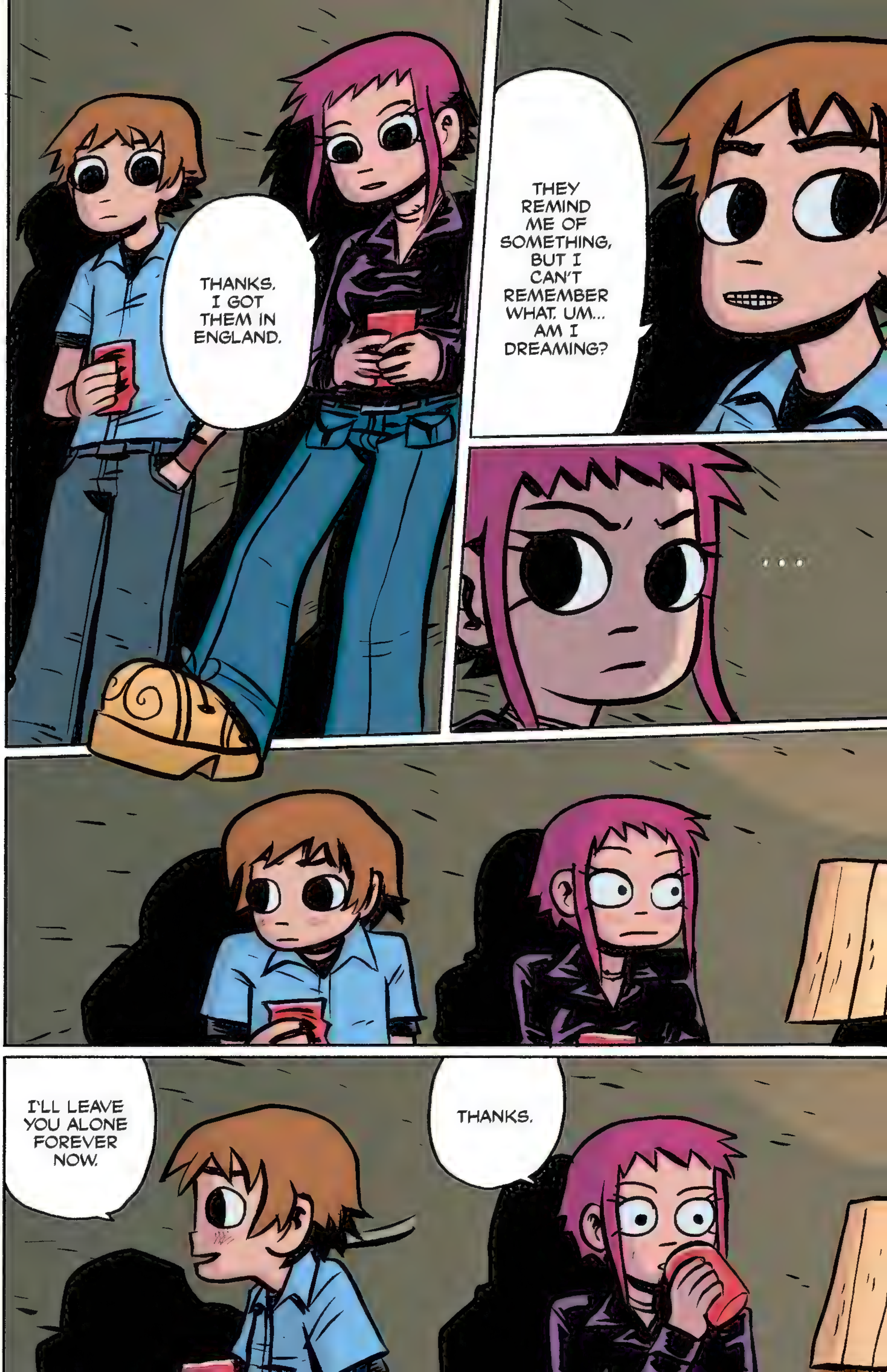

I'M COOOOOLD!
WHATEVER. IT'S LIKE SPRING OUT.
NOW
XTRA!
...
WHERE ARE WE GOOOING?
I TOLD YOU LIKE FIFTY TIMES!
WELL, I FORGOT, OKAY?!
LIKE IT'S *MY* FAULT YOU'RE STUPID?
SIGH
SO WHERE–
I'M SERIOUSLY NOT EVEN TELLING YOU NOW.
WE'RE GOING TO THAT PARTY, RETARD.
AT JULIE'S.
AW, MAN...

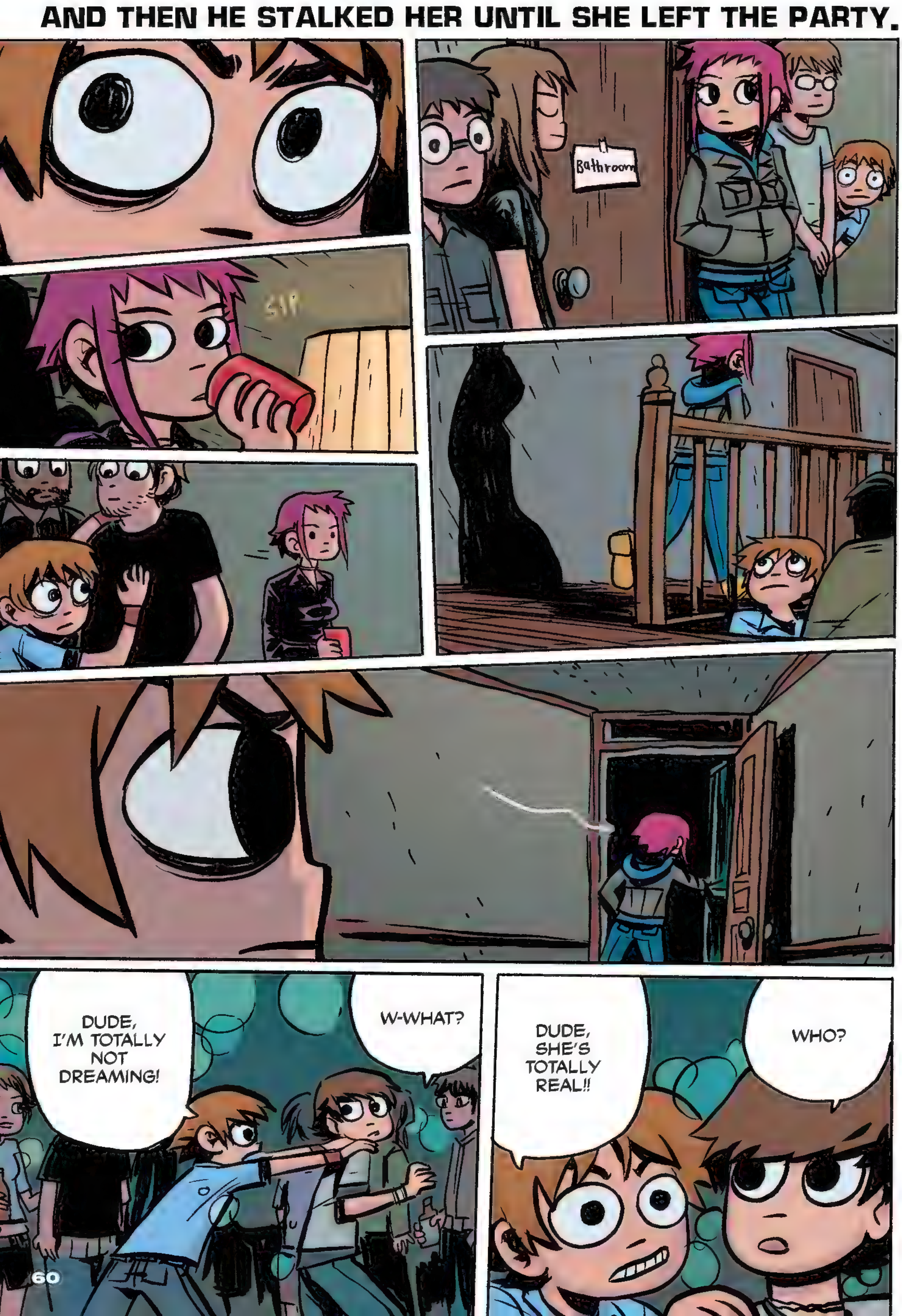

New Order.
MAN, THIS PARTY TOTALLY SUCKS. I'M GOING TO GO PEE DUE TO BOREDOM.
CALEXICO
DUDE.
SCOTT. WHAT'S UP?
SOME PARTY, EH? I THOUGHT STILLS AND JULIE BROKE UP. HEY, LISTEN, COMEAU, YOU KNOW EVERYONE, RIGHT?
WELL, I WOULDN'T SAY *EVERYONE*, BUT YEAH, I GUESS.
OKAY, THIS MIGHT SOUND VAGUE, BUT DO YOU KNOW THIS ONE GIRL WITH HAIR LIKE THIS?

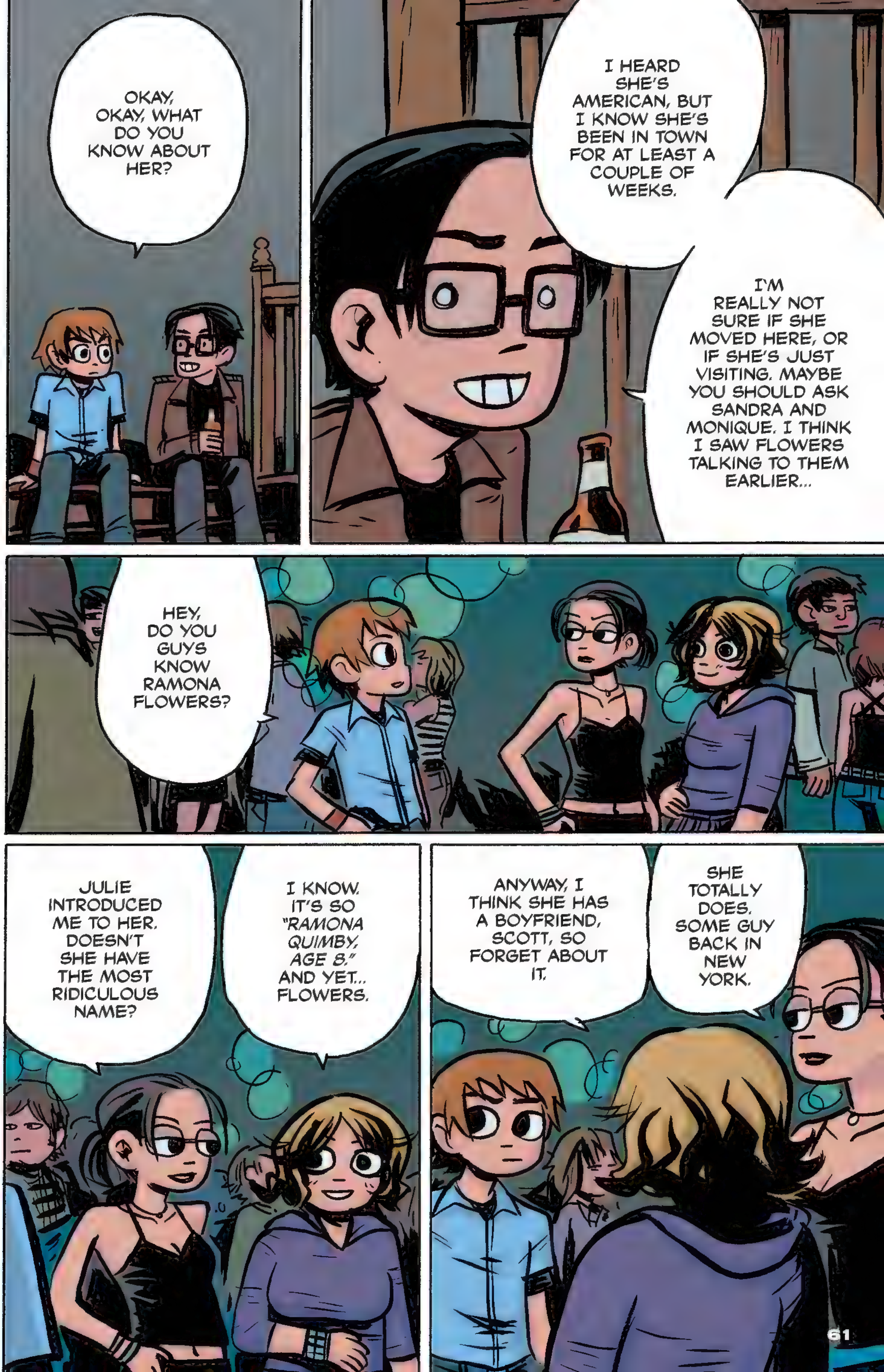

YOU MEAN RAMONA?
UHH... I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE?
YEAH, MAN, RAMONA FLOWERS. SOMEONE SAID SHE WAS COMING TONIGHT, ACTUALLY. YOU SHOULD LOOK AROUND. YOU GOT THE HOTS FOR HER? I HEAR SHE'S HARDCORE.
WAIT UP, SHE'S HERE? DUDE, I GOTTA GO LOOK FOR HER!
clueless wonder
peek!



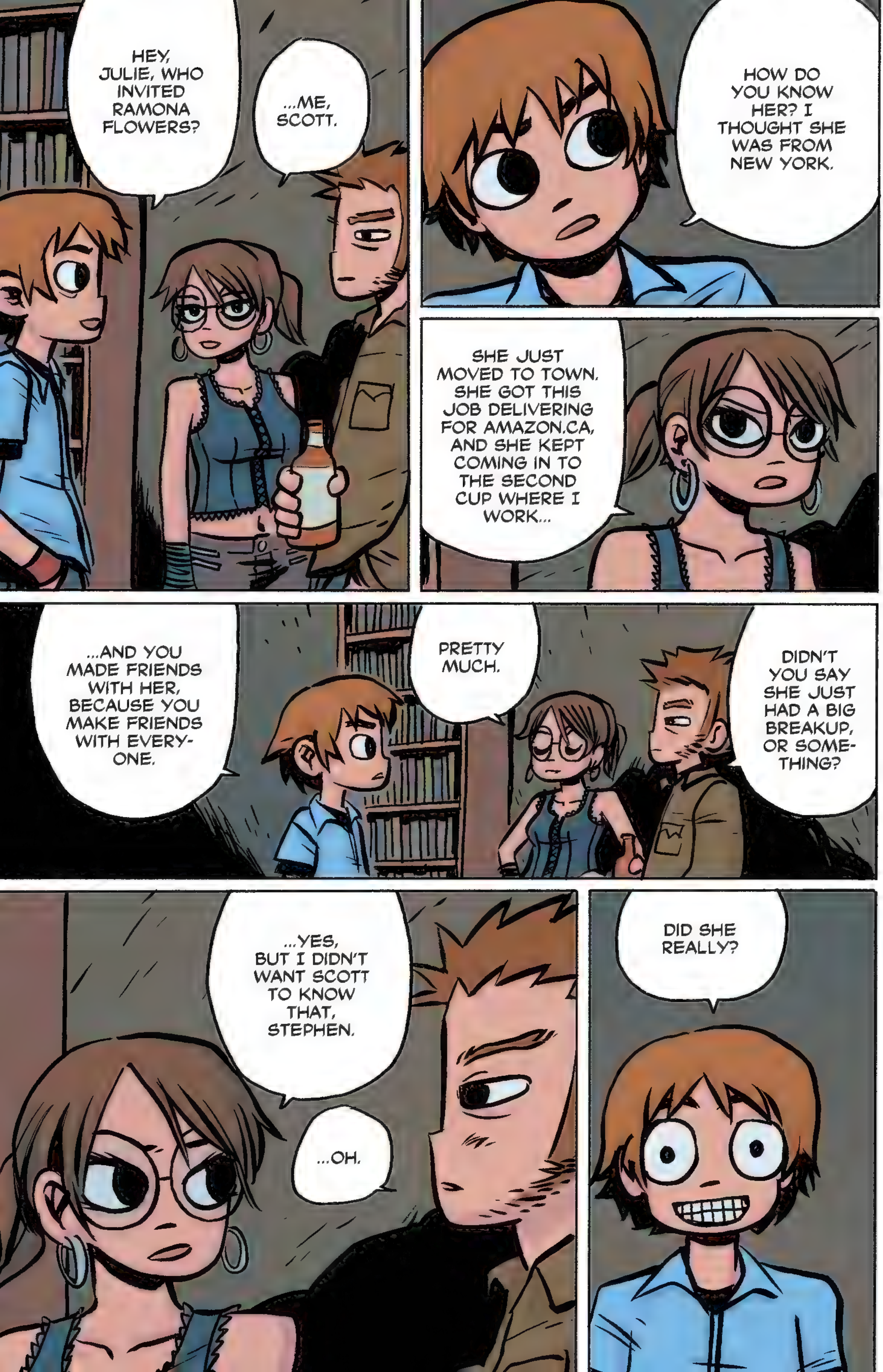

HEY, WHAT'S UP?
3
THIS ONE GIRL...
NOTHING.
I LIKE YOUR SHOES?

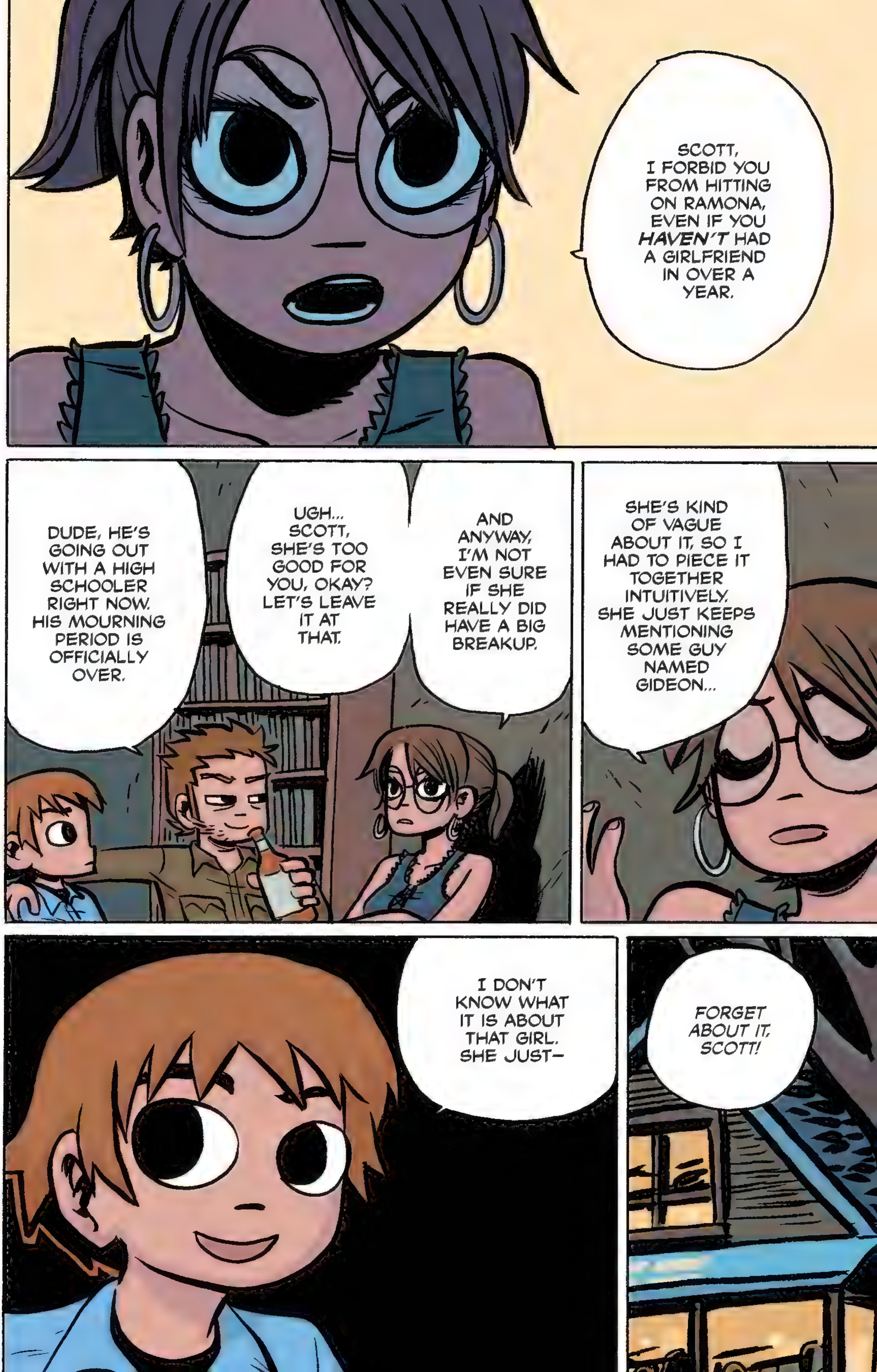

THANKS. I GOT THEM IN ENGLAND.
THEY REMIND ME OF SOMETHING, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT. UM... AM I DREAMING?
...
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE FOREVER NOW.
THANKS.


AND THEN HE STALKED HER UNTIL SHE LEFT THE PARTY.
SIP
Bathroom
DUDE, I'M TOTALLY NOT DREAMING!
W-WHAT?
DUDE, SHE'S TOTALLY REAL!!
WHO?



OKAY, OKAY, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HER?
I HEARD SHE'S AMERICAN, BUT I KNOW SHE'S BEEN IN TOWN FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
I'M REALLY NOT SURE IF SHE MOVED HERE, OR IF SHE'S JUST VISITING. MAYBE YOU SHOULD ASK SANDRA AND MONIQUE. I THINK I SAW FLOWERS TALKING TO THEM EARLIER...
HEY, DO YOU GUYS KNOW RAMONA FLOWERS?
JULIE INTRODUCED ME TO HER. DOESN'T SHE HAVE THE MOST RIDICULOUS NAME?
I KNOW. IT'S SO *"RAMONA QUIMBY, AGE 8."* AND YET... FLOWERS.
ANYWAY, I THINK SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND, SCOTT, SO FORGET ABOUT IT.
SHE TOTALLY DOES. SOME GUY BACK IN NEW YORK.

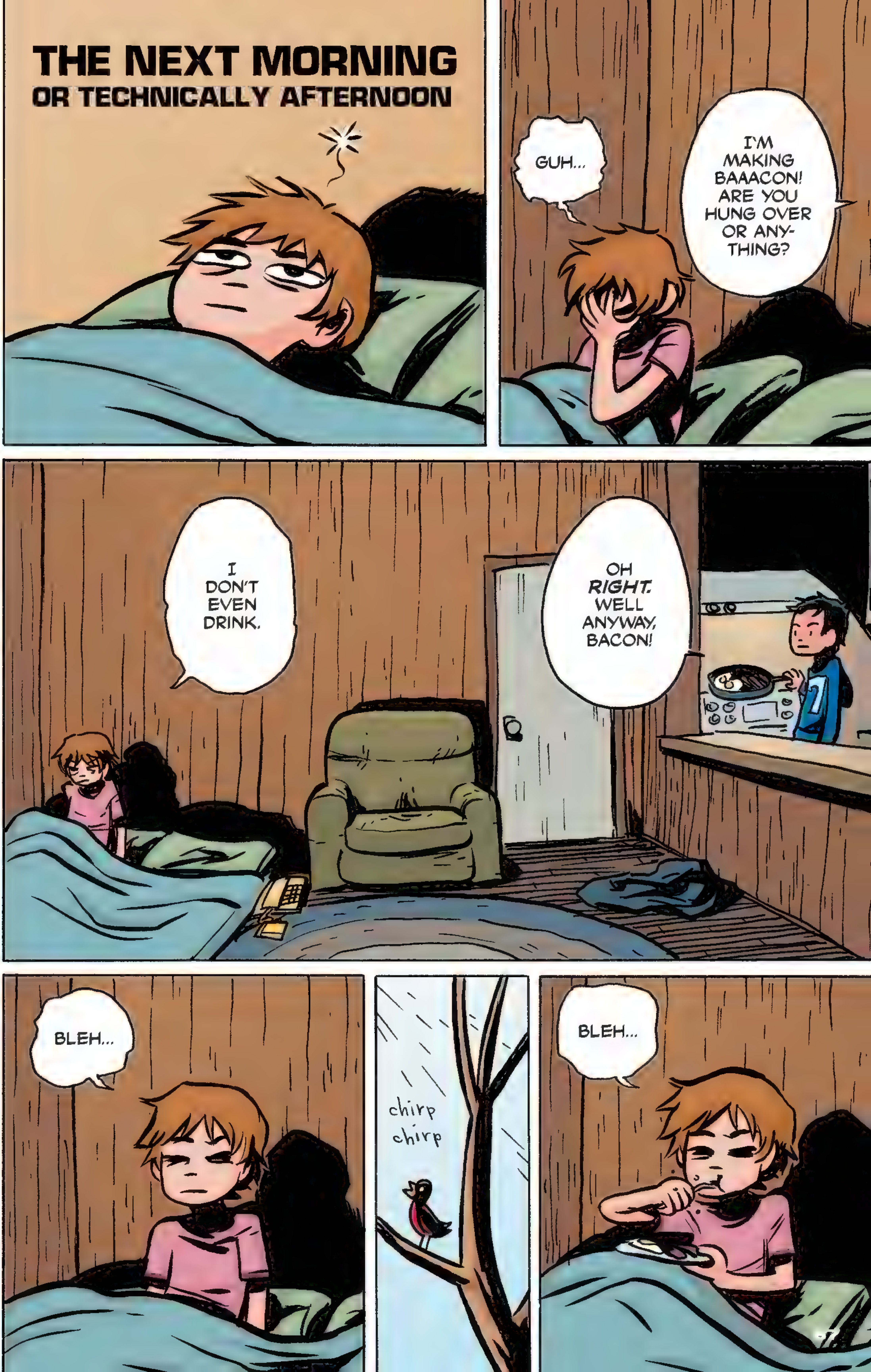

HEY, JULIE, WHO INVITED RAMONA FLOWERS?
...ME, SCOTT.
HOW DO YOU KNOW HER? I THOUGHT SHE WAS FROM NEW YORK.
SHE JUST MOVED TO TOWN. SHE GOT THIS JOB DELIVERING FOR AMAZON.CA, AND SHE KEPT COMING IN TO THE SECOND CUP WHERE I WORK...
...AND YOU MADE FRIENDS WITH HER, BECAUSE YOU MAKE FRIENDS WITH EVERY-ONE.
PRETTY MUCH.
DIDN'T YOU SAY SHE JUST HAD A BIG BREAKUP, OR SOME-THING?
...YES, BUT I DIDN'T WANT SCOTT TO KNOW THAT, STEPHEN.
...OH.
DID SHE REALLY?

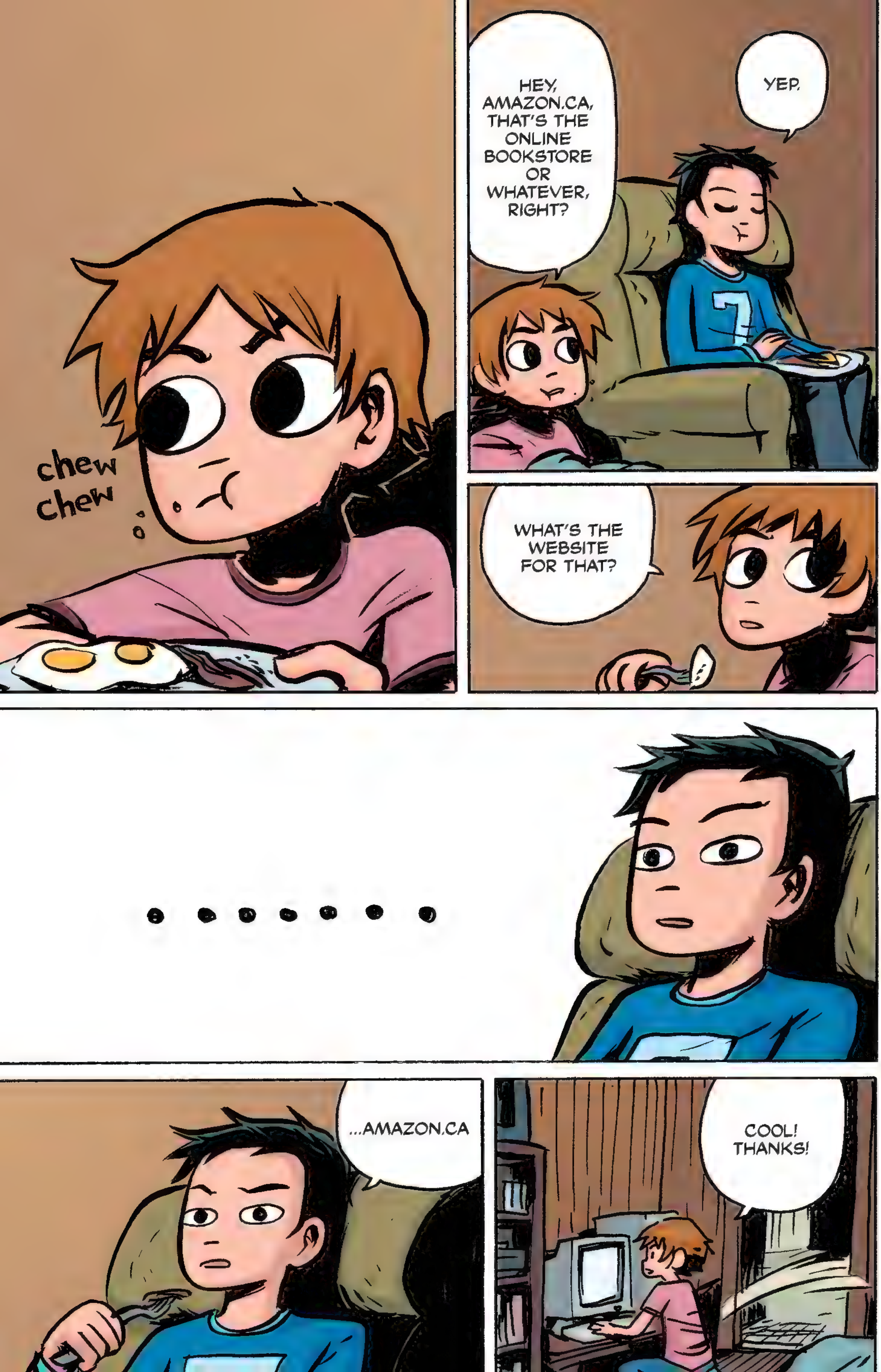

SCOTT, I FORBID YOU FROM HITTING ON RAMONA, EVEN IF YOU *HAVEN'T* HAD A GIRLFRIEND IN OVER A YEAR.
DUDE, HE'S GOING OUT WITH A HIGH SCHOOLER RIGHT NOW. HIS MOURNING PERIOD IS OFFICIALLY OVER.
UGH... SCOTT, SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, OKAY? LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT.
AND ANYWAY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF SHE REALLY DID HAVE A BIG BREAKUP.
SHE'S KIND OF VAGUE ABOUT IT, SO I HAD TO PIECE IT TOGETHER INTUITIVELY. SHE JUST KEEPS MENTIONING SOME GUY NAMED GIDEON...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS ABOUT THAT GIRL. SHE JUST–
FORGET ABOUT IT, SCOTT!

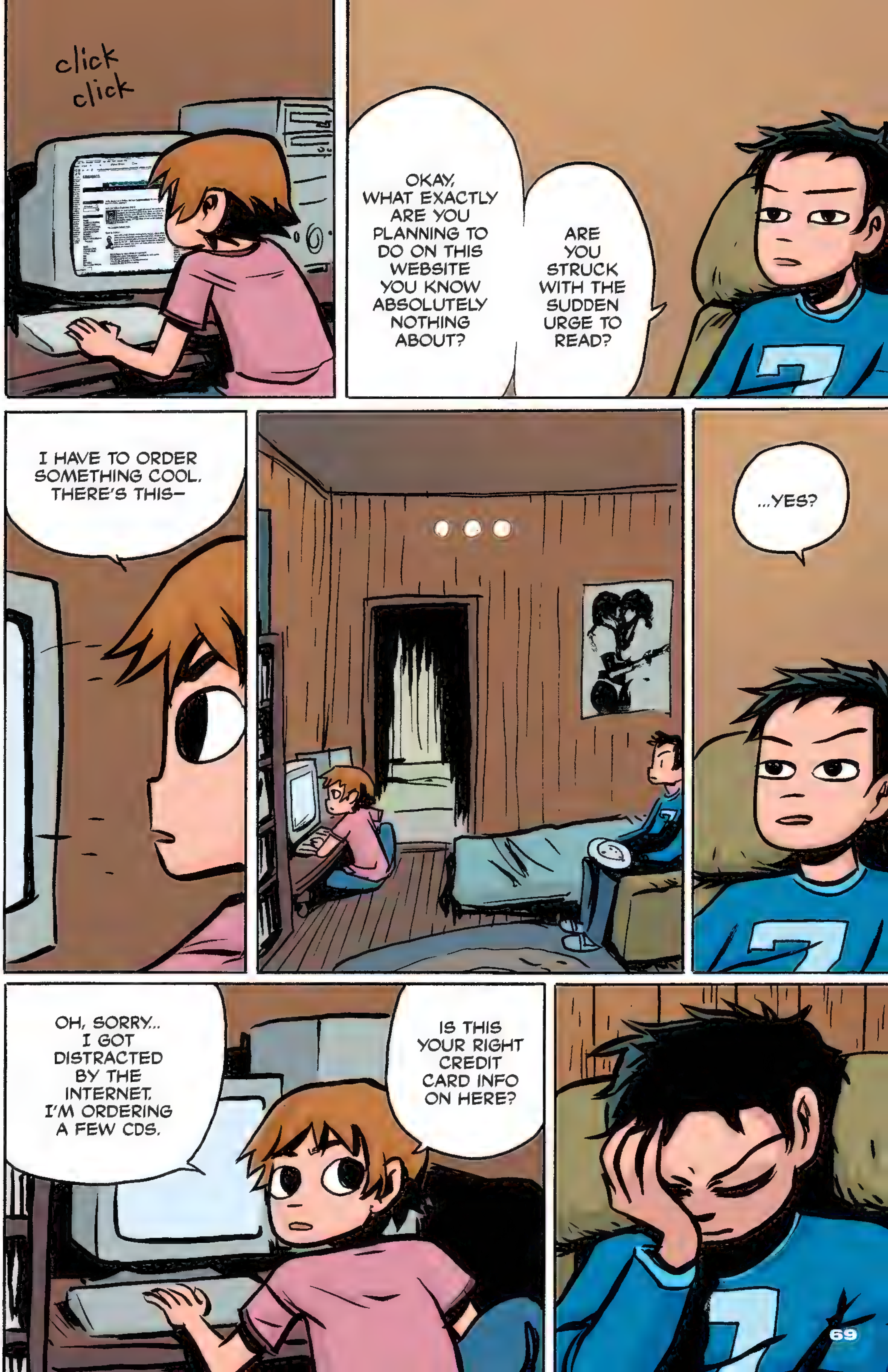

LATER THAT EVENING
GUESS WHO'S DRUUUUNK!
CLICK
I GUESS WALLACE.
YOU GUESS RIGHT!!
PLOP
SLUMP
OW.
SO, HOW'S SCOTT TONIGHT?
I'M OKAY.


I WENT TO THIS PARTY WITH STEPHEN STILLS AND THEM. I WAS... I—I SAW THIS ONE GIRL, AND—
GIRL. OKAY...
I THINK I'VE BEEN HAVING, LIKE, RECURRING DREAMS ABOUT HER. I SAW HER AT THE LIBRARY, AND...
LIBRARY... CAN I PRETEND WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A GUY?
SO THEN I'M AT THIS PARTY, AND HEY! THERE SHE IS.
THERE HE IS.
I... I THINK I'M IN LOVE, BUT... SOMETHING'S BOTHERING ME.
OH YEAH?


IT'S... IT'S HER SHOES. SHE WAS WEARING THESE SHOES. THESE *HAUNTING* SHOES.
WHAT'D THEY LOOK LIKE?
THEY LOOKED... REALLY... UNCOM-FORTABLE.
UM... NOT THAT YOU'RE AN IDIOT, BUT HOW ABOUT YOU DRAW ME A PICTURE?
OKAY...
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
THEY WERE SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I GUESS?
THESE SHOES ARE MR. SILLY'S SHOES, SCOTT.


THE NEXT MORNING
OR TECHNICALLY AFTERNOON
GUH...
I'M MAKING BAAACON! ARE YOU HUNG OVER OR ANYTHING?
I DON'T EVEN DRINK.
OH RIGHT. WELL ANYWAY, BACON!
BLEH...
chirp chirp
BLEH...


chew chew
HEY, AMAZON.CA, THAT'S THE ONLINE BOOKSTORE OR WHATEVER, RIGHT?
YEP.
WHAT'S THE WEBSITE FOR THAT?
....
...AMAZON.CA
COOL! THANKS!

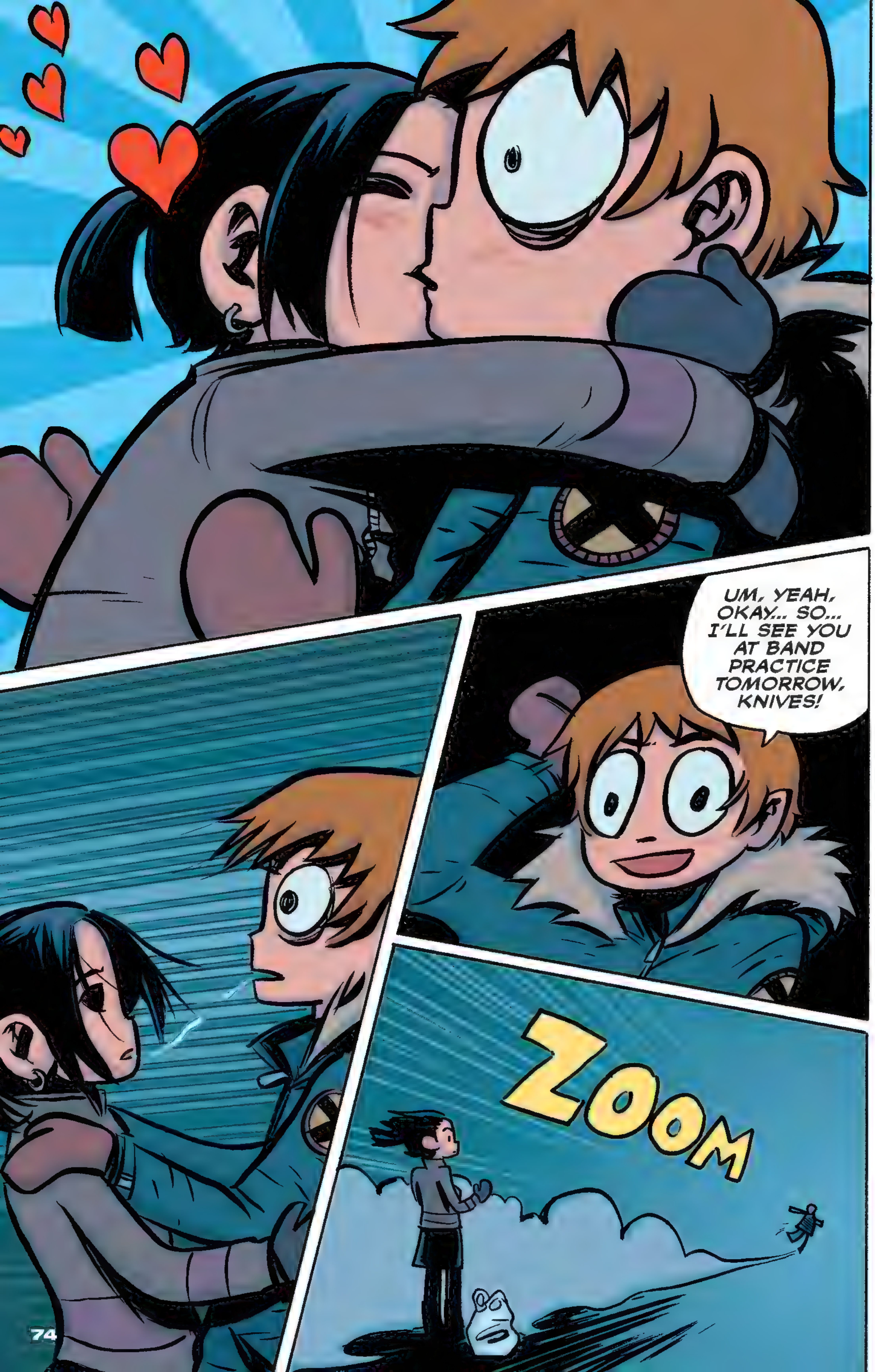

click
click
OKAY, WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO ON THIS WEBSITE YOU KNOW ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ABOUT?
ARE YOU STRUCK WITH THE SUDDEN URGE TO READ?
I HAVE TO ORDER SOMETHING COOL. THERE'S THIS—
...YES?
OH, SORRY... I GOT DISTRACTED BY THE INTERNET. I'M ORDERING A FEW CDS.
IS THIS YOUR RIGHT CREDIT CARD INFO ON HERE?


YOU'VE GOT MAIL.
DUDE! THE COMPUTER CLAIMS I HAVE MAIL!
WHAT-EVER, SCOTT.
DUDE, NOW I'M READING IT!
DEAR MR. PILGRIM. IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT WE WILL BE FIGHTING SOON. MY NAME IS MATTHEW PATEL, AND I'M A... HMM. THIS IS...
WHAT?
THIS IS...!!
WHAT IS IT??
IT'S BORING. DELETE!
click


SCOTT?
YEAH?
ARE YOU WAITING FOR THE PACKAGE YOU JUST ORDERED?
NO.
MAYBE.
DING DONG
WOO!
OH, UH... HEY.
WHAT'S UPPP?
ATTACK HUG! REMEMBER HOW WE'RE HANGING OUT TODAY? HI, WALLACE!
HEY, KNIVES.
REMEMBER? HOW COULD I POSSIBLY FORGET?!

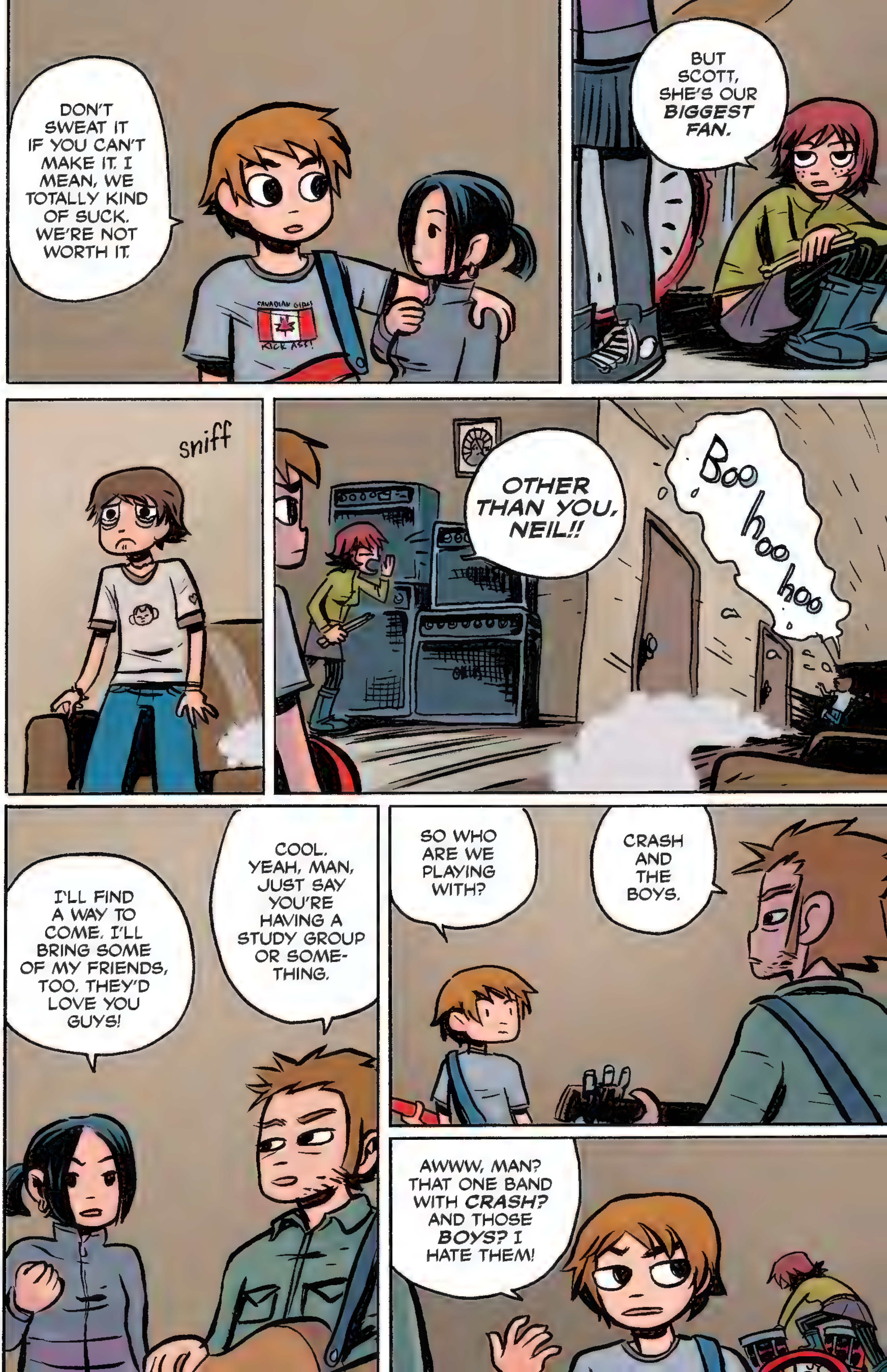

YEARBOOK CLUB IS GETTING SO BORING. I CAN'T BELIEVE THE MUSIC THEY PUT ON WHILE WE WORK. I CANNOT BELIEVE.
THAT'S SUCKY...
HANNAH BROKE UP WITH ALAN AND NOW SHE'S ALL INTO DEREK, BUT TAMARA CLAIMS SHE HAS DIBS ON DEREK...
I SWEAR, IF THEY WOULD JUST MAKE UP THEIR MINDS.
I TELL YA.
MY MOM WILL NOT STOP WITH THE ENDLESS PARADE OF CHINESE BOYS FROM RESPECTABLE FAMILIES. THIS IS CUTE, ISN'T IT?
IT'S, UH... YEAH. IT'S CUTE.
DO NOT SIT


SO YOUR SISTER GOES TO U OF T? WHAT ARE YOUR PARENTS DOING IN EUROPE?
I DUNNO. GALLIVANTING. SPENDING EUROS ON THINGS.
I'LL WALK TO THE BUS STOP MYSELF. YOU LIVE THE OPPOSITE WAY, ANYWAY.
YOU SURE?
YEAH.
UM, OKAY... THANKS.


UM, YEAH, OKAY... SO... I'LL SEE YOU AT BAND PRACTICE TOMORROW, KNIVES!
ZOOM


DID MY CDs COME?
DUDE, I HATE TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, BUT IT'S THE WEEKEND. NOTHING'S GOING TO SHIP UNTIL MONDAY AT THE EARLIEST, AND EVEN THAT'S KIND OF UNREALISTIC, SEEING AS YOU JUST PUT IN YOUR ORDER THIS AFTERNOON.
NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!
WHY ARE YOU SO DAMN EAGER ABOUT THIS, ANYWAY?
thumby thumb
I CAN'T ANSWER THAT QUESTION RIGHT NOW. I'M GOING TO SLEEP FOR THE NEXT SIXTEEN HOURS.


SUNDAY EVENING
SO...
...I GOT US A SHOW.
OH YEAH?
WE IN THE INDUSTRY CALL THEM "GIGS," STEPHEN.
OH MY GOSH WHEN?!
IT'S ON WEDNESDAY AT THE ROCKIT. THIS GUY AT WORK WAS LIKE "STEVE, DO YOU KNOW ANYONE IN A BAND?", AND I WAS LIKE—
GREAT STORY, MAN.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT?? I'LL HAVE TO... I'M GONNA HAVE TO PULL SOME MAJOR TRICKS TO GET OUT OF MY HOUSE FOR THIS.


DON'T SWEAT IT IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT. I MEAN, WE TOTALLY KIND OF SUCK. WE'RE NOT WORTH IT.
CANADIAN GIRLS KICK ASS!
BUT SCOTT, SHE'S OUR BIGGEST FAN.
sniff
OTHER THAN YOU, NEIL!!
Boo hoo hoo
I'LL FIND A WAY TO COME. I'LL BRING SOME OF MY FRIENDS, TOO. THEY'D LOVE YOU GUYS!
COOL. YEAH, MAN, JUST SAY YOU'RE HAVING A STUDY GROUP OR SOMETHING.
SO WHO ARE WE PLAYING WITH?
CRASH AND THE BOYS.
AWWW, MAN? THAT ONE BAND WITH CRASH? AND THOSE BOYS? I HATE THEM!


amazon.ca
Scott W. Pilgrim
27 Albert Ave
Toronto, ON M6G 2B2
Canada


HEY...
HEY!


DING DONG
4
RAMONA COME CLOSER


UM...
SCOTT PILGRIM?
DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT SOMETIME? DO YOU – I THINK WE SHOULD DATE.
UM... NO, THAT'S OKAY. YOU JUST HAVE TO SIGN FOR THIS, ALRIGHT?
HEY, LOOK... I JUST WOKE UP, AND YOU WERE IN MY DREAM. I DREAMED YOU WERE DELIVERING ME THIS PACKAGE. IS THAT WEIRD?
OH, GOD... OH, MAN, NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU.
UM... NO! WAIT! YOU DON'T. ...I'M NOT CRAZY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT.


NO, NO, IT'S... IT'S JUST, LIKE, THIS REALLY CONVENIENT SUBSPACE HIGHWAY HAPPENS TO GO THROUGH YOUR HEAD. IT'S LIKE THREE MILES IN FIFTEEN SECONDS, AND THROUGH YOUR—
HOLD ON, WHAT? SUBSPACE? HIGHWAYS?
27a
YEAH... WHAT? HUH?
YOU'RE... TALKING CRAZY TALK?
IS THIS SOMETHING THEY DON'T TEACH IN CANADIAN SCHOOLS?
CAN YOU ELABORATE?
IT'S LIKE... RAPID TRANSIT? SUBSPACE HIGHWAYS?
IS IT LIKE IN *SUPER MARIO 2*?


UMMMMMM... NO. IT ISN'T REALLY LIKE THAT AT ALL.
OH... OKAY.
YOU GUYS PROBABLY JUST DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEM IN CANADA. I WAS WONDERING WHY THEY WERE ALWAYS EMPTY UP HERE.
SO... UM, I GUESS YOU'RE AMERICAN?
YEAH...? WHY, AM I COMING OFF AS RUDE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME, DO YOU? WE, UM, WE MET AT THAT PARTY THE OTHER DAY. RAMONA FLOWERS, RIGHT?
OH, MY GOD... YOU ASKED ME ABOUT— I JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE CRAZY! I'M SO SORRY.
NO, IT'S COOL. THAT'S OKAY. I GET THAT A LOT.
YOU REALLY HAVE TO SIGN FOR THIS, THOUGH.


BUT IF I SIGN FOR IT, YOU'LL LEAVE!
WELL, YEAH... I HAVE A JOB, SEE? I'M ON THE CLOCK?
CAN WE GO OUT SOMETIME? OR, I MEAN, I MEAN... CAN WE MAYBE JUST HANG OUT? CAN WE GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER? YOU'RE NEW IN TOWN, RIGHT? I'VE LIVED HERE FOREVER– I MEAN– I MEAN... THERE ARE... REASONS... FOR YOU TO HANG OUT WITH ME?
27a
YOU'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE.
BUT I'M SO SINCERE!
27a
SINCERELY LAME, MAYBE.
YOUR THINGY GOES THROUGH MY HEAD, RIGHT? YOU ROLLERBLADE THROUGH MY HEAD ON YOUR WAY TO DELIVER STUFF. SO THAT'S WHY I'M OBSESSED.
WAIT... LET'S PRETEND I DIDN'T SAY OBSESSED.

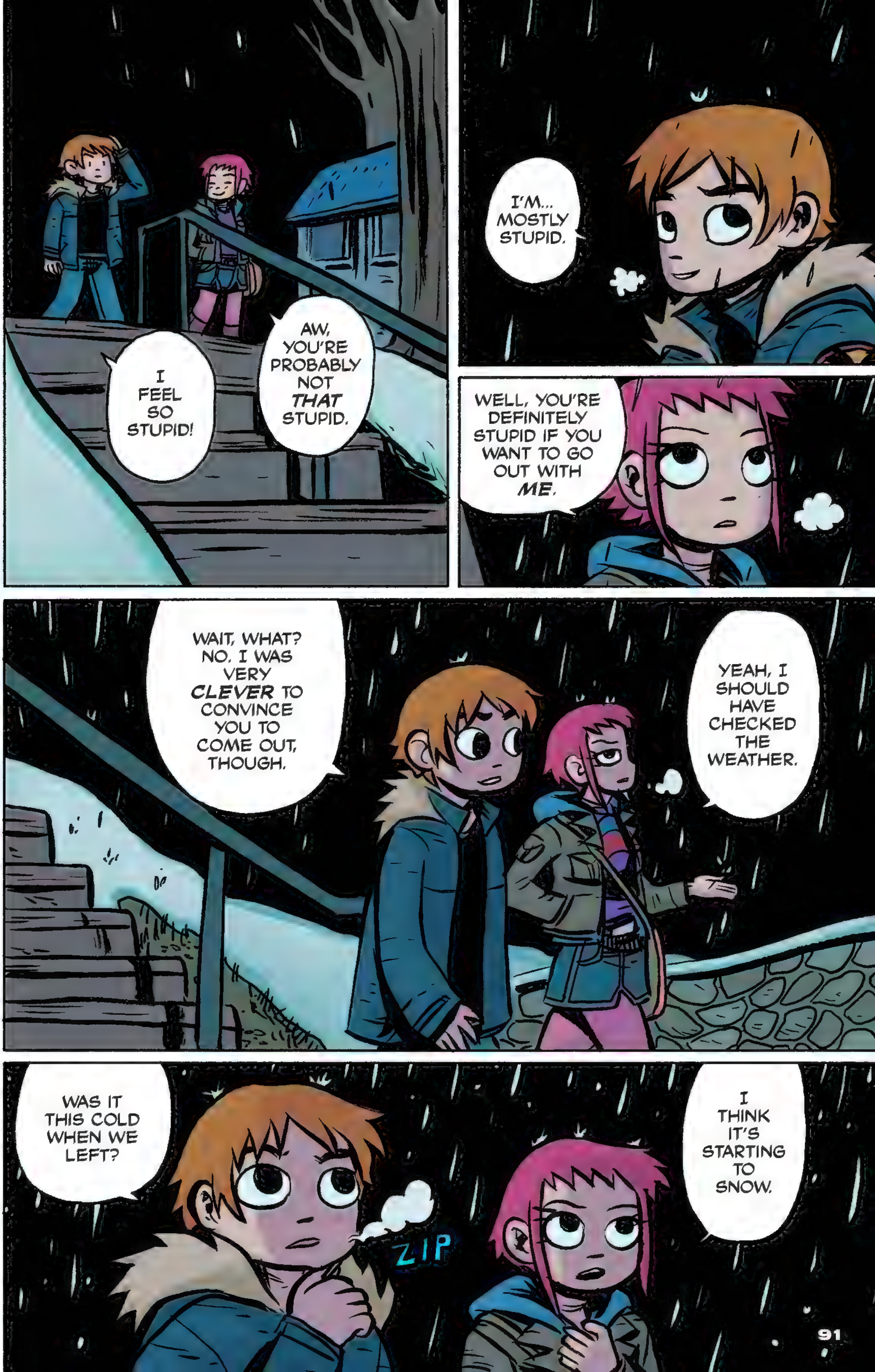

YOU'RE TOTALLY OBSESSED, AREN'T YOU? I NEED TO FIND A NEW ROUTE.
EITHER THAT, OR YOU NEED TO START HANGING OUT WITH ME.
YOU WANT ME TO HANG OUT WITH YOU?
UM... IF THAT'S COOL.
UHHH... HOW ABOUT TONIGHT? IS TONIGHT OKAY FOR YOU? CAN YOU PLEASE SIGN THIS AND TAKE YOUR STUPID CDS?
YES!! CERTAINLY!! RAMONA FLOWERS!! AWESOME!
SO YEAH... EIGHT O'CLOCK?
Scott Pilgrim


SO YEAH
WHY ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE?
DUDE, I'M WAITIN' ON YOU!


IT'S GETTING NICE OUT, EH? I DIDN'T REALLY NEED THE PARKA.
WHAT'S WITH THE "X", ANYWAY?
HM?
ON YOUR COAT?
OH, THIS?
WELL, OBVIOUSLY, ONE OF US WENT TO PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS, AND ONE OF US DIDN'T.
OBVIOUSLY *ONE* OF US IS A TOTAL NERD. DID YOU MAKE THAT PATCH YOURSELF?
I DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER THAT!


SO HOW'D YOU END UP IN TORONTO?
WELL, I... I GOT THIS JOB AT AMAZON, AND THEY NEEDED SOMEONE HERE AND GIDEON ALWAYS SAYS TORONTO IS ONE OF THE GREAT CITIES, SO...
AND WHO'S GIDEON? BOY-FRIEND?
HE'S... HE'S A FRIEND. ANYWAY, WHAT DO *YOU* DO?
I'M BETWEEN JOBS.
BETWEEN WHAT AND WHAT?
WELL... MY LAST JOB IS A REALLY LONG STORY, FILLED WITH SIGHS. MAYBE WE CAN GET INTO IT IN A LATER VOLUME.
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TALK ABOUT MY LAST JOB.
MAYBE VOLUME THREE FOR THAT ONE.

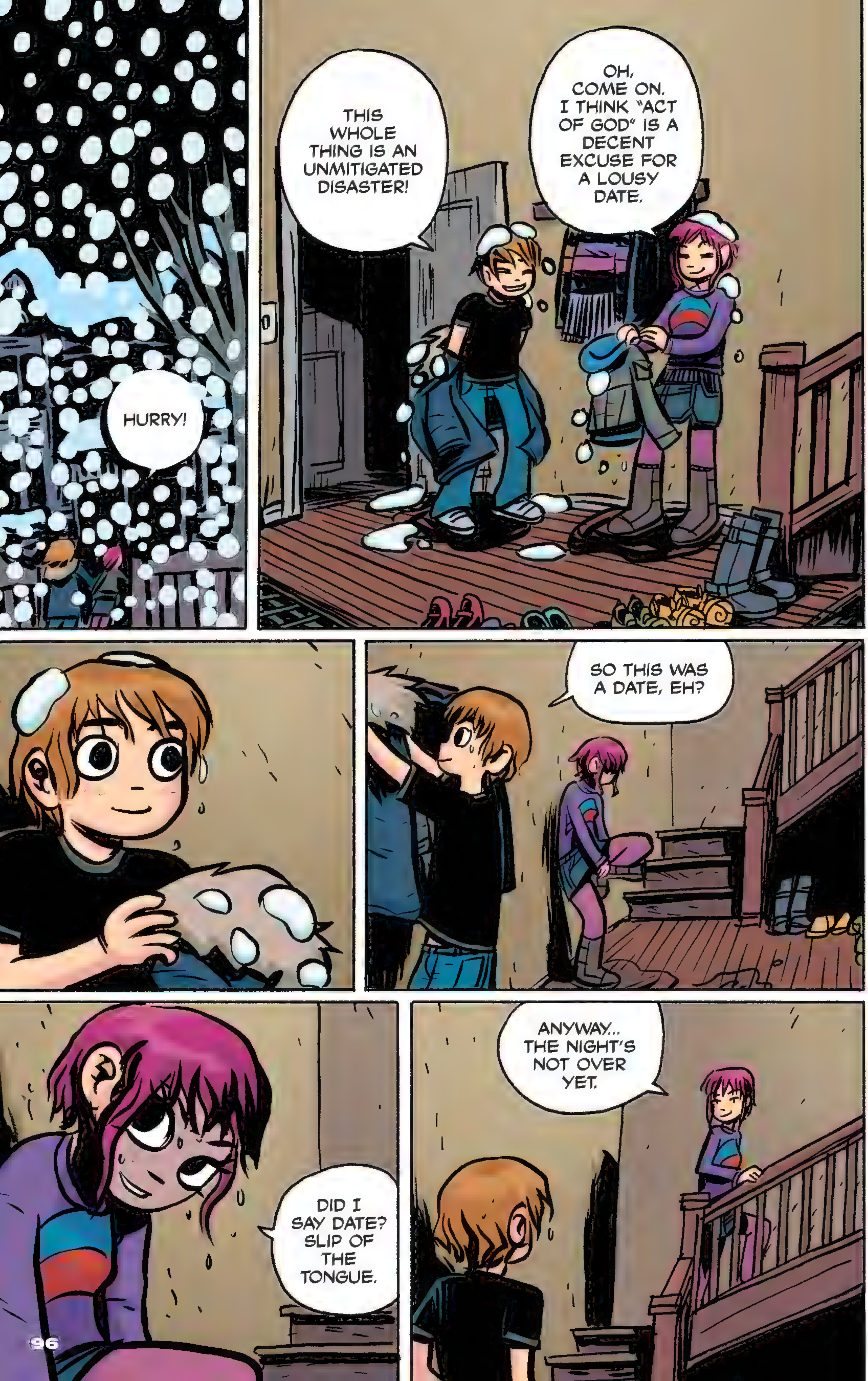

SUBSPACE HIGHWAYS... WHATEVER, MAN.
IT WAS TOTALLY AN ACCIDENT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET YOU OBSESSED!
IT'S... I HAVEN'T BEEN OBSESSED IN SO LONG. IT'S REALLY WEIRD.
WELL, YOU SLEEP WITH A GUY, RIGHT?
UM.
I WAS JUST GUESSING FROM HAVING SEEN YOUR APART-MENT, BUT YOU TOTALLY *DO! AHAHAHAHA!*
IT'S... WE... WE'RE JUST POOR! WE CAN'T AFFORD TWO BEDS! OR... OR A BIGGER PLACE!
WE'RE NOT GAY! WAIT... NO... WALLACE IS PRETTY GAY. BUT I'M—
DUDE. RELAX, MAN.
HEE HEE.
I BELIEVE YOU.


I FEEL SO STUPID!
AW, YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT *THAT* STUPID.
I'M... MOSTLY STUPID.
WELL, YOU'RE DEFINITELY STUPID IF YOU WANT TO GO OUT WITH *ME*.
WAIT, WHAT? NO. I WAS VERY *CLEVER* TO CONVINCE YOU TO COME OUT, THOUGH.
YEAH, I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THE WEATHER.
WAS IT THIS COLD WHEN WE LEFT?
ZIP
I THINK IT'S STARTING TO SNOW.

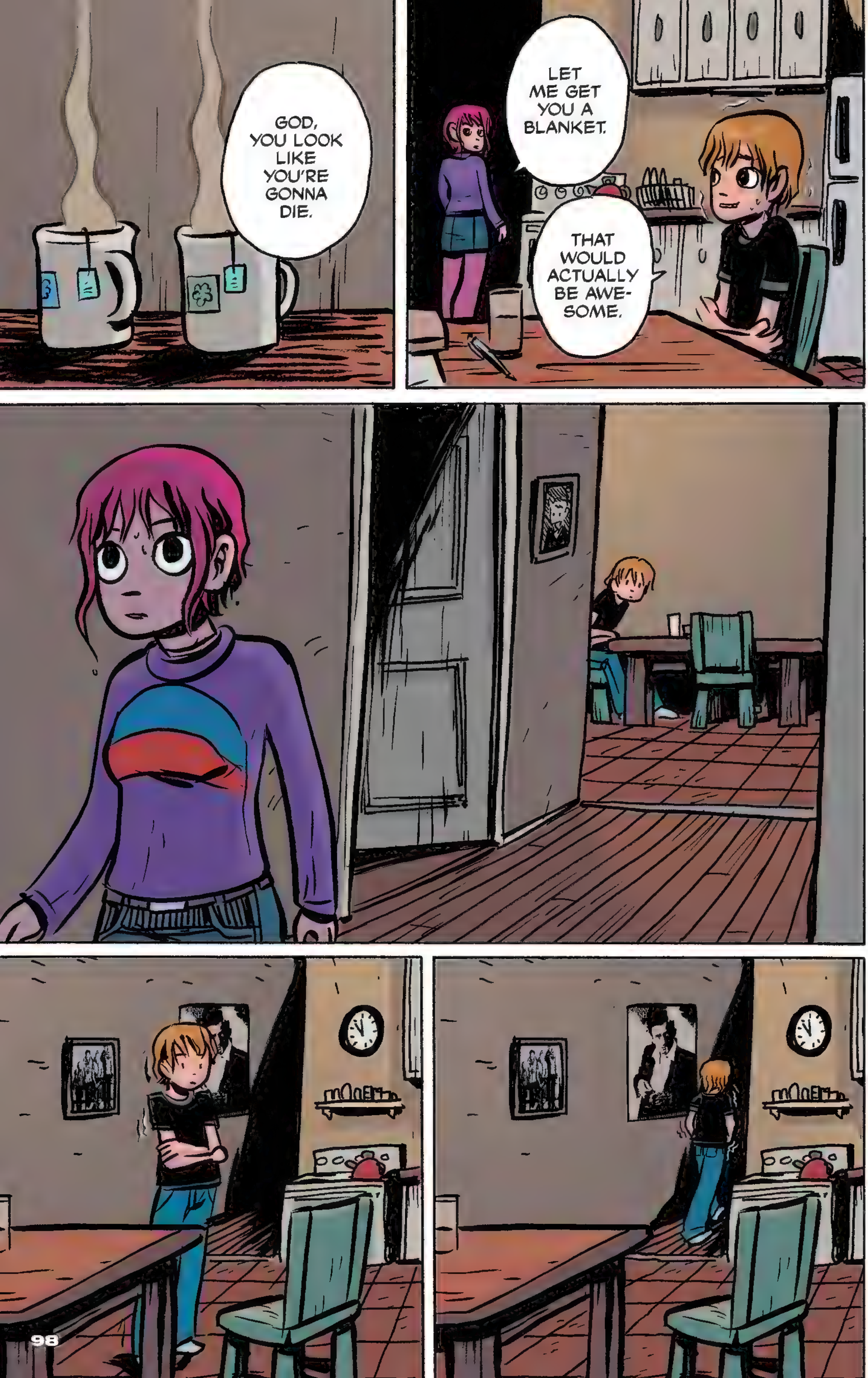

SOOO... IS THE WEATHER THIS LAME WHERE YOU'RE FROM? WHERE *ARE* YOU FROM?
THE WEATHER IS PRETTY LAME WHERE I'M FROM.
AND WHERE IS THAT?
WHERE ARE *YOU* FROM?
UP NORTH.
OH YEAH?
YEAH.
SO YOU'RE USED TO THIS, RIGHT?
YEAH. ARE YOU?
I GREW UP IN THE MOUNTAINS, MAN.

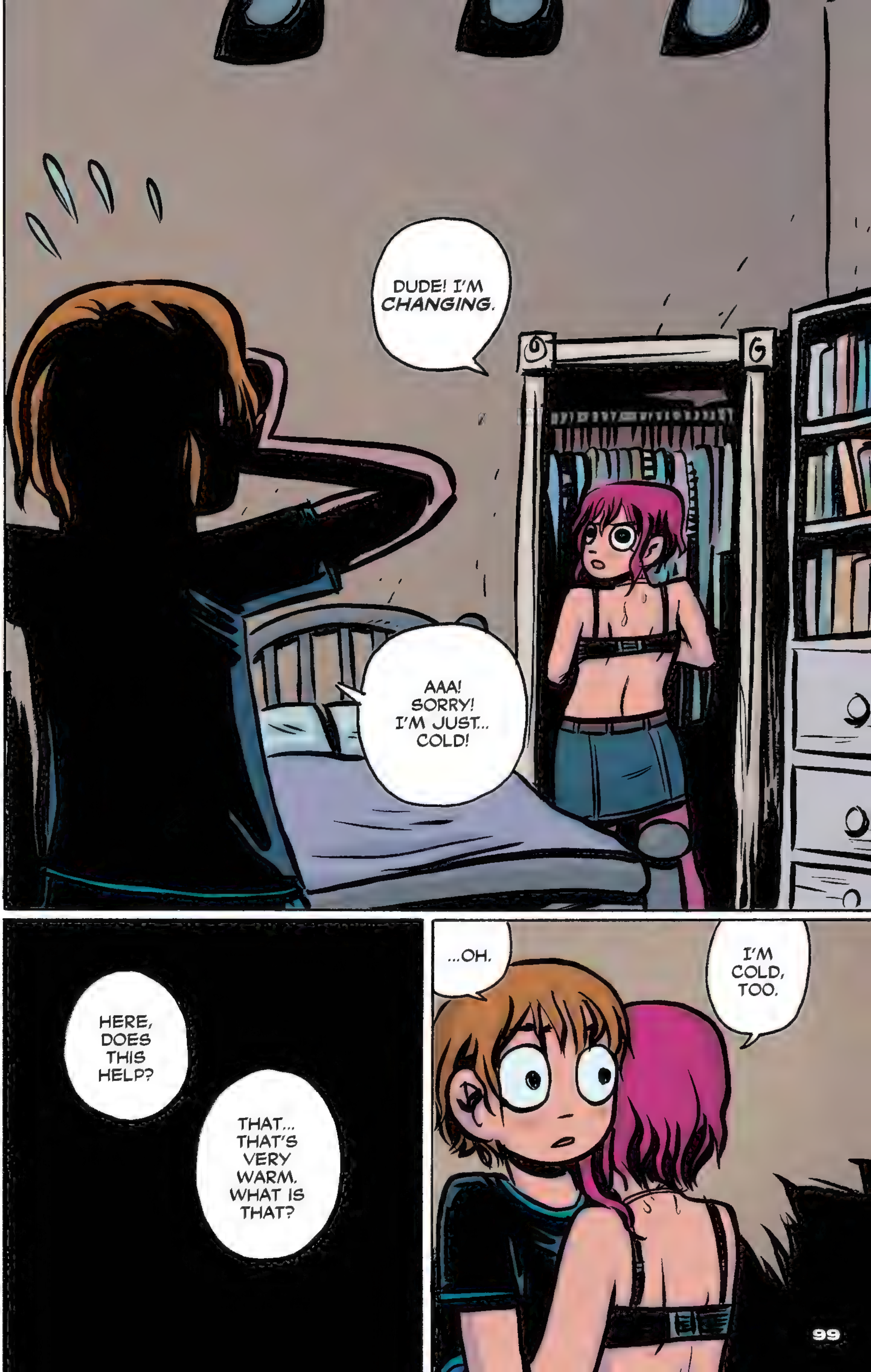

DID YOU DO A LOT OF SKIING?
THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS. ISN'T IT, LIKE, *APRIL?*
ICE SKATING, THOUGH, RIGHT? YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD ON ROLLER-BLADES.
OH YEAH, FOR SURE. ICE SKATING. UH-HUH. I DID FIGURE SKATING WHEN I WAS FOUR.
YOU GUYS ALL PLAY HOCKEY UP HERE, THOUGH, RIGHT?
THAT'S HOT. I PLAYED HOCKEY IN GRADES ONE AND TWO.
I... I... I CAN'T SEE YOU. I'M BLIND. HELP ME.
I KNOW THERE'S A THINGY UP HERE SOME-WHERE...
A THINGY.
A DOOR...

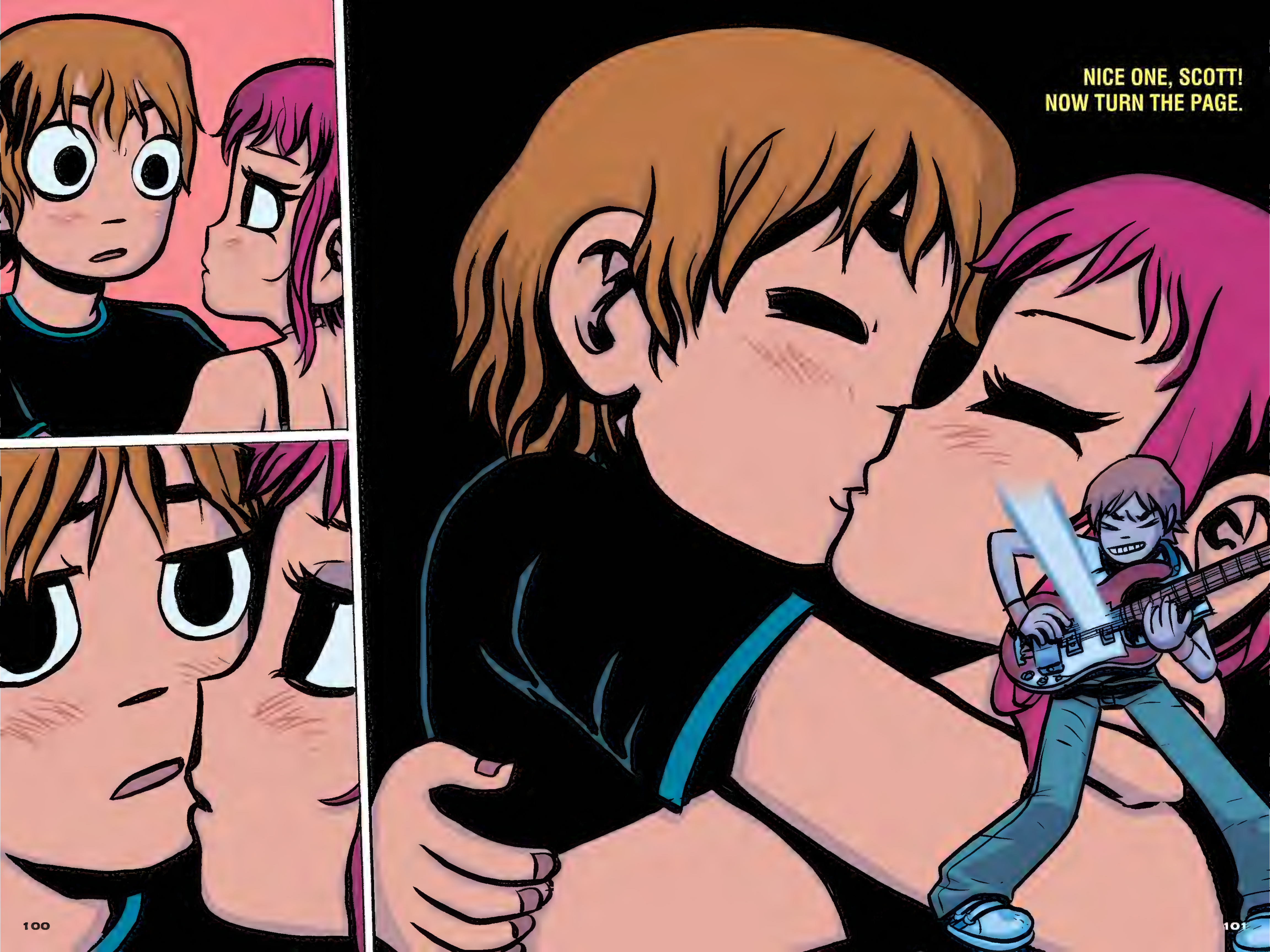


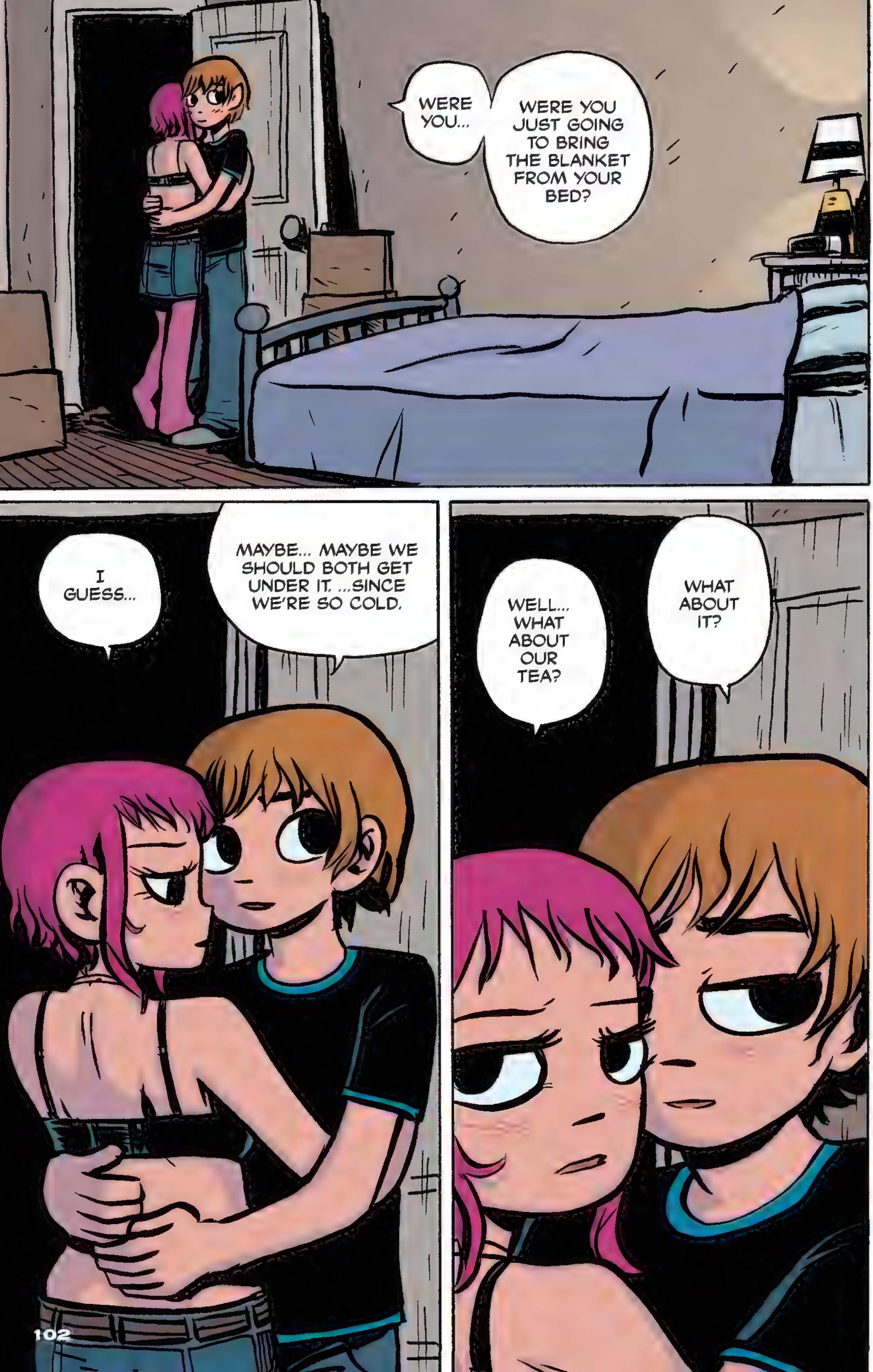

HURRY!
THIS WHOLE THING IS AN UNMITIGATED DISASTER!
OH, COME ON. I THINK "ACT OF GOD" IS A DECENT EXCUSE FOR A LOUSY DATE.
SO THIS WAS A DATE, EH?
DID I SAY DATE? SLIP OF THE TONGUE.
ANYWAY... THE NIGHT'S NOT OVER YET.

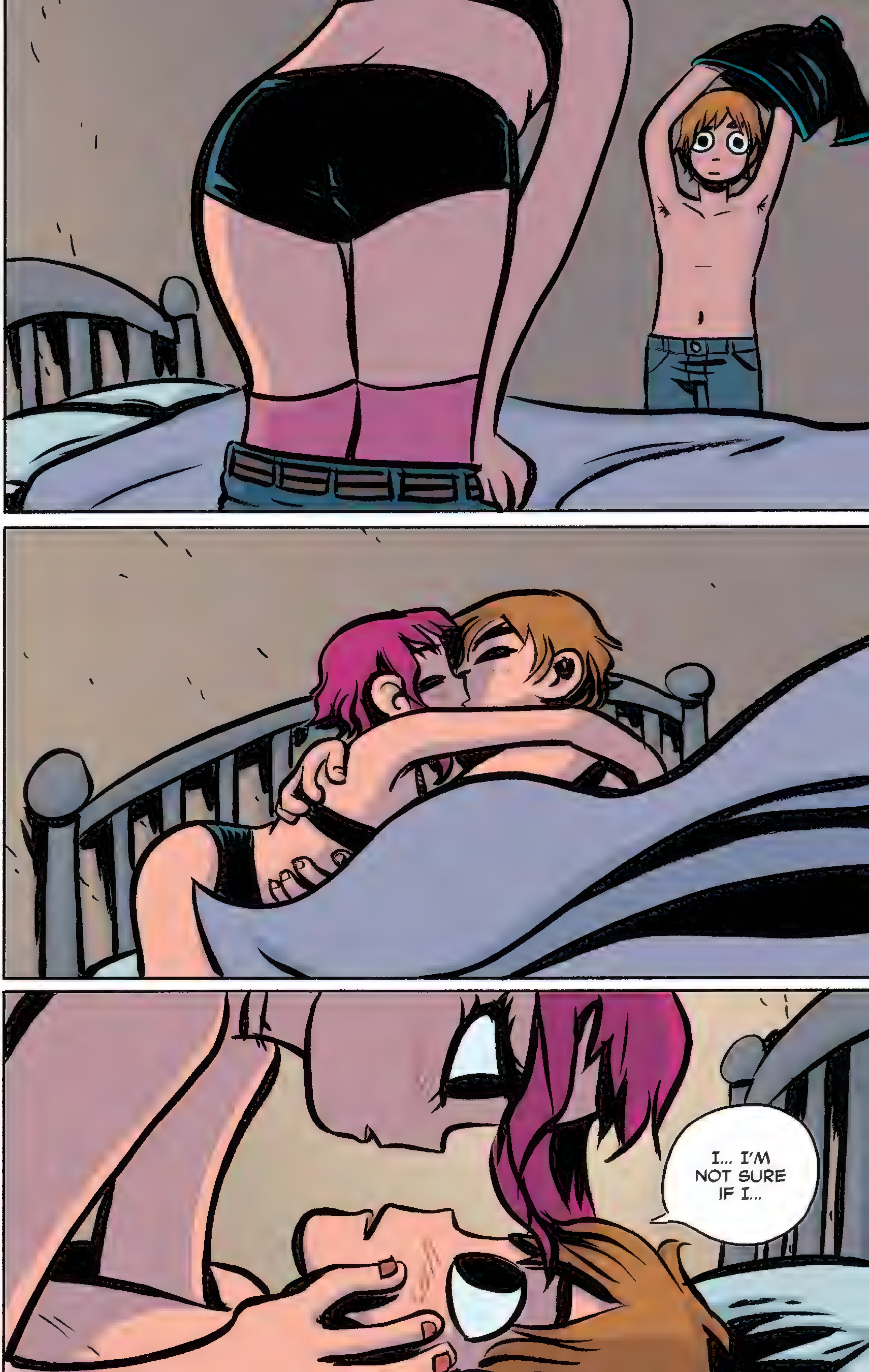

WHAT KIND OF TEA DO YOU WANT?
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE KIND OF TEA? ...WHAT DO YOU HAVE?
LET'S SEE... BLUEBERRY, RASPBERRY, GINSENG, SLEEPYTIME, GREEN TEA, GREEN TEA WITH LEMON, GREEN TEA WITH LEMON AND HONEY, LIVER DISASTER, GINGER WITH HONEY, GINGER WITHOUT HONEY, VANILLA ALMOND, WHITE TRUFFLE COCONUT, CHAMOMILE, BLUEBERRY CHAMOMILE, DECAF VANILLA WALNUT, CONSTANT COMMENT, AND EARL GREY.
I... UH... WHAT ARE YOU HAVING? ...DID YOU MAKE SOME OF THOSE UP?
I THINK I'LL HAVE SLEEPY-TIME.
THAT SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.

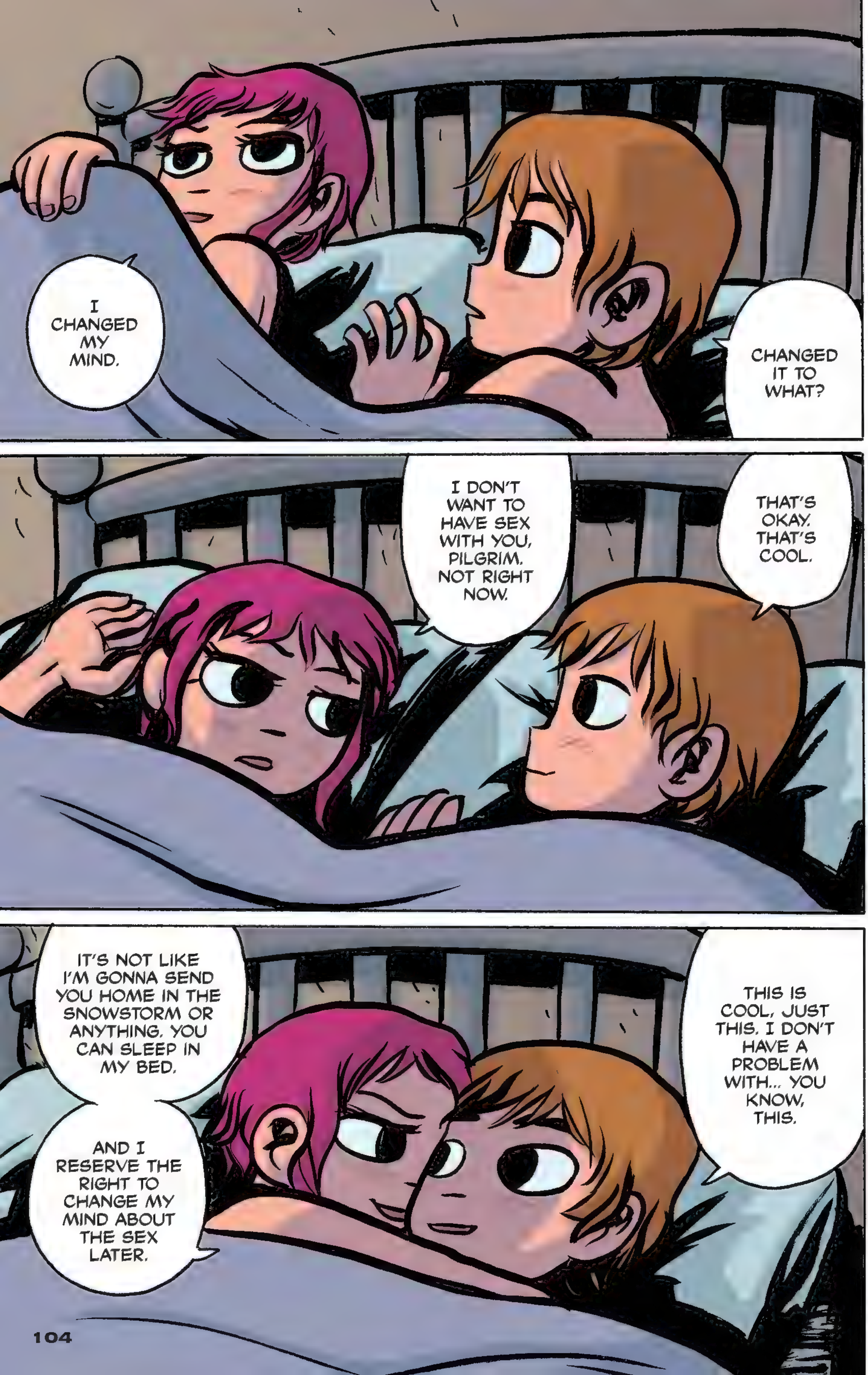

GOD, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE GONNA DIE.
LET ME GET YOU A BLANKET.
THAT WOULD ACTUALLY BE AWE-SOME.


DUDE! I'M CHANGING.
AAA! SORRY! I'M JUST... COLD!
HERE, DOES THIS HELP?
THAT... THAT'S VERY WARM. WHAT IS THAT?
...OH.
I'M COLD, TOO.

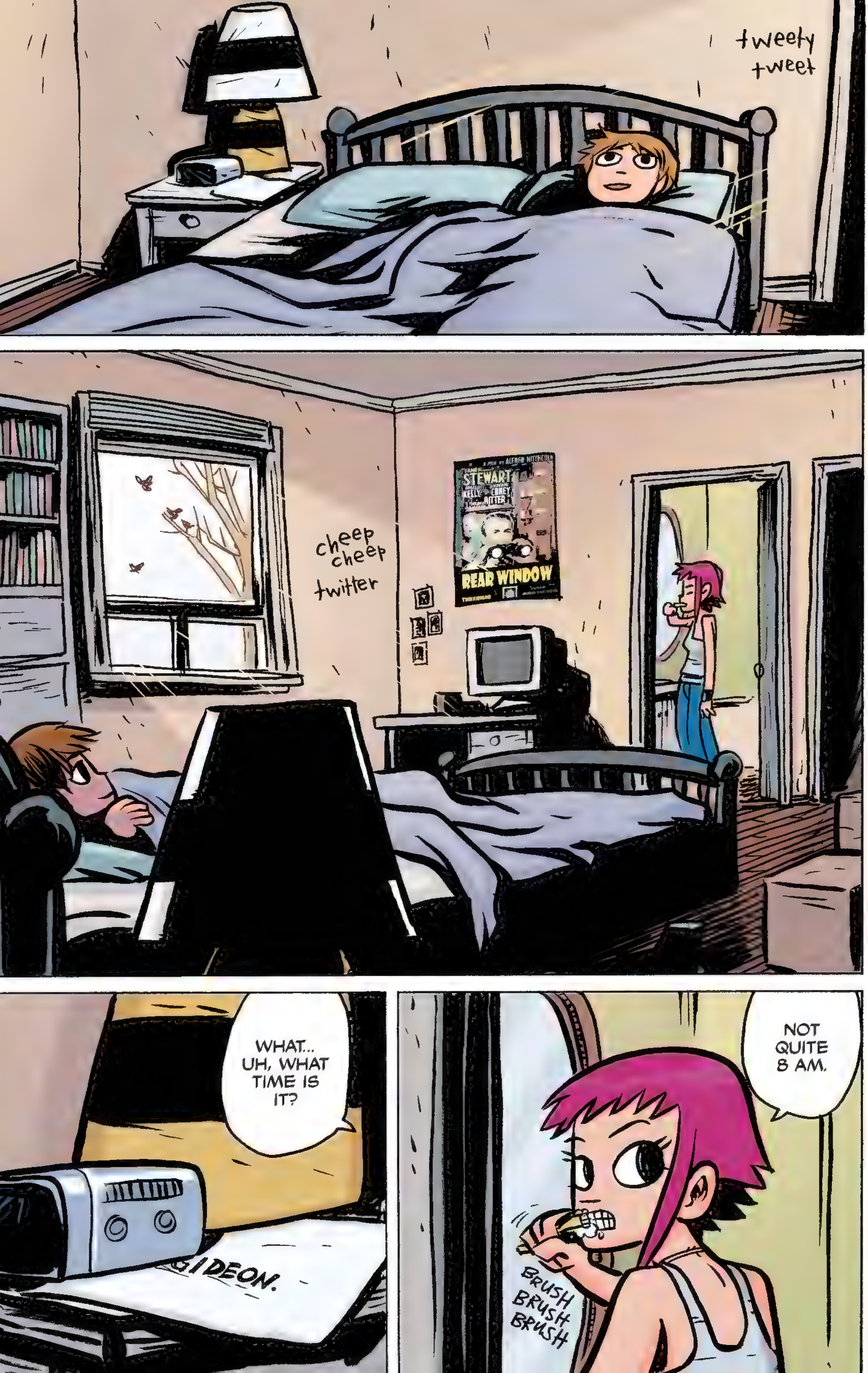

NICE ONE, SCOTT!
NOW TURN THE PAGE.


WERE YOU...
WERE YOU JUST GOING TO BRING THE BLANKET FROM YOUR BED?
I GUESS...
MAYBE... MAYBE WE SHOULD BOTH GET UNDER IT. ...SINCE WE'RE SO COLD.
WELL... WHAT ABOUT OUR TEA?
WHAT ABOUT IT?


I... I'M NOT SURE IF I...

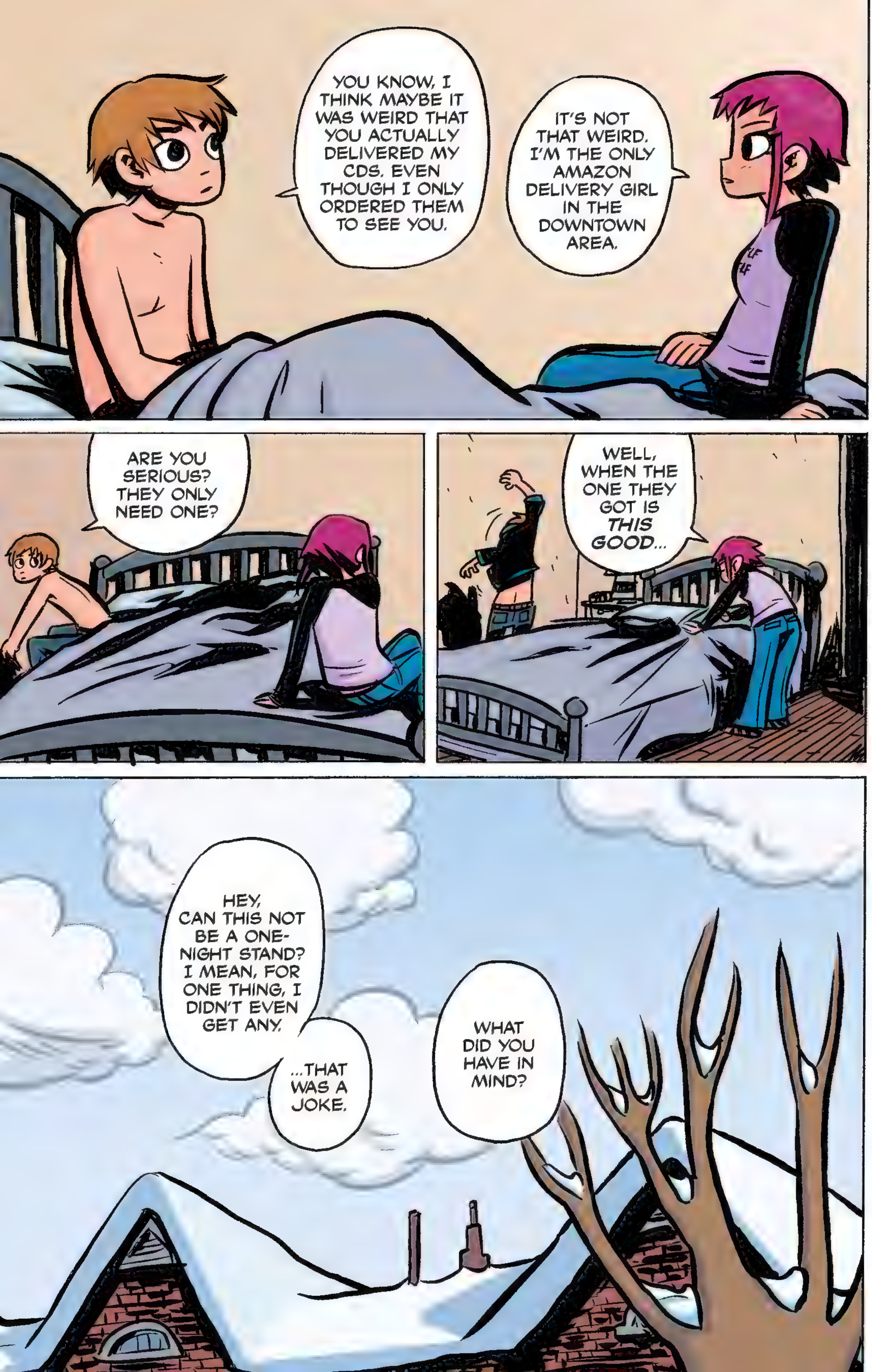

I CHANGED MY MIND.
CHANGED IT TO WHAT?
I DON'T WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU, PILGRIM. NOT RIGHT NOW.
THAT'S OKAY. THAT'S COOL.
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M GONNA SEND YOU HOME IN THE SNOWSTORM OR ANYTHING. YOU CAN SLEEP IN MY BED.
AND I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO CHANGE MY MIND ABOUT THE SEX LATER.
THIS IS COOL, JUST THIS. I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH... YOU KNOW, THIS.


IT'S NOT BAD.
UM... I THINK YOU'RE AWESOME.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M IN YOUR BED.
YEAH?
YEAH. AND I... I MEAN, I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE SEX.
YEAH, RIGHT.
NO, YEAH, REALLY. REALLY, I DON'T KNOW. I'M NERVOUS. I FEEL WEIRD. IT'S BEEN LIKE A REALLY, REALLY LONG TIME. BUT THIS IS — I THINK I NEEDED THIS. WHATEVER IT IS.
WELL... GLAD I COULD HELP.
UM... THANKS.
YOU'RE WELCOME.


tweety tweet
cheep cheep twitter
STEWART
KELLY
COREY
RITTER
REAR WINDOW
WHAT... UH, WHAT TIME IS IT?
GIDEON.
NOT QUITE 8 AM.
BRUSH BRUSH BRUSH

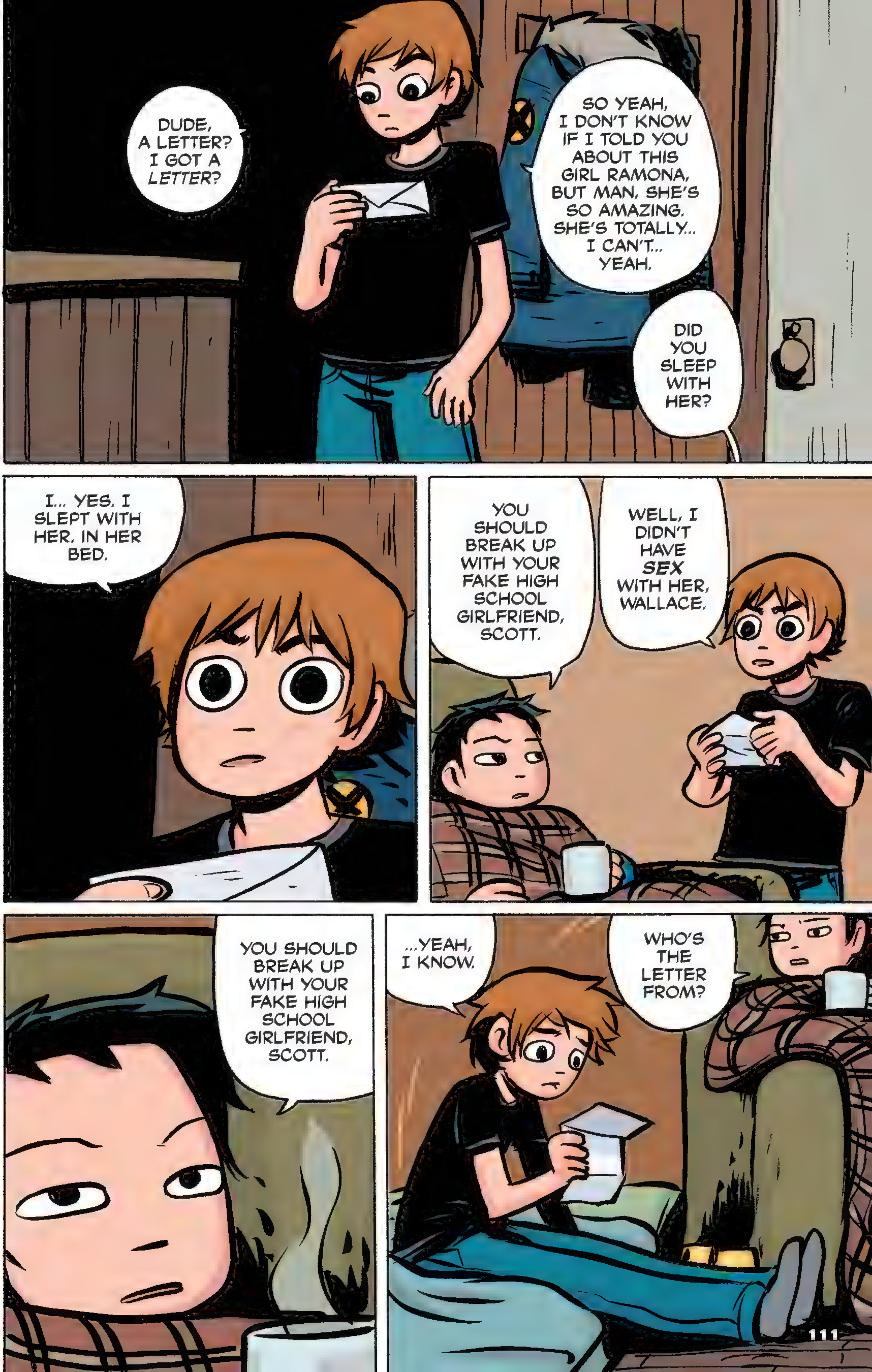


I WISH I COULD TURN INTO A MORPHING BALL AND ROLL TO THE BATH-ROOM FROM HERE, INSTEAD OF HAVING TO STAND UP.
I USED TO KNOW A GUY WHO COULD DO THAT. HE SAID IT WASN'T THAT GREAT.
CLICK
YOU'RE RUINING ALL MY ILLUSIONS!
GET UP LIKE A NORMAL PERSON, ANYWAY.
I HAVE TO WORK, SO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE.
DELIVERY GIRL...
HERSELF THE ELF
YEAH. COME ON, GET UP. I WANT TO MAKE THE BED.


YOU KNOW, I THINK MAYBE IT WAS WEIRD THAT YOU ACTUALLY DELIVERED MY CDS, EVEN THOUGH I ONLY ORDERED THEM TO SEE YOU.
IT'S NOT THAT WEIRD. I'M THE ONLY AMAZON DELIVERY GIRL IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA.
ARE YOU SERIOUS? THEY ONLY NEED ONE?
WELL, WHEN THE ONE THEY GOT IS *THIS GOOD*...
HEY, CAN THIS NOT BE A ONE-NIGHT STAND? I MEAN, FOR ONE THING, I DIDN'T EVEN GET ANY.
...THAT WAS A JOKE.
WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?


UMM...
OH! MY BAND HAS A SHOW ON WEDNESDAY, AT THE ROCKIT. 9 PM.
YOU HAVE A BAND.
YEAH, WE'RE TERRIBLE. PLEASE SAY YOU'LL COME.
WELL...
YEAH, OKAY. 9 PM, TOMORROW. I'LL BE THERE.
HSSSSSSS


EVENTUALLY...
CLOSE THE DAMN DOOR! IT'S FREEZING!
IT TOOK ME LIKE FIVE HOURS TO GET HERE FROM DUNDAS!
YEAH, YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE BEEN WORRIED SICK.
THERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU ON THE BAR.

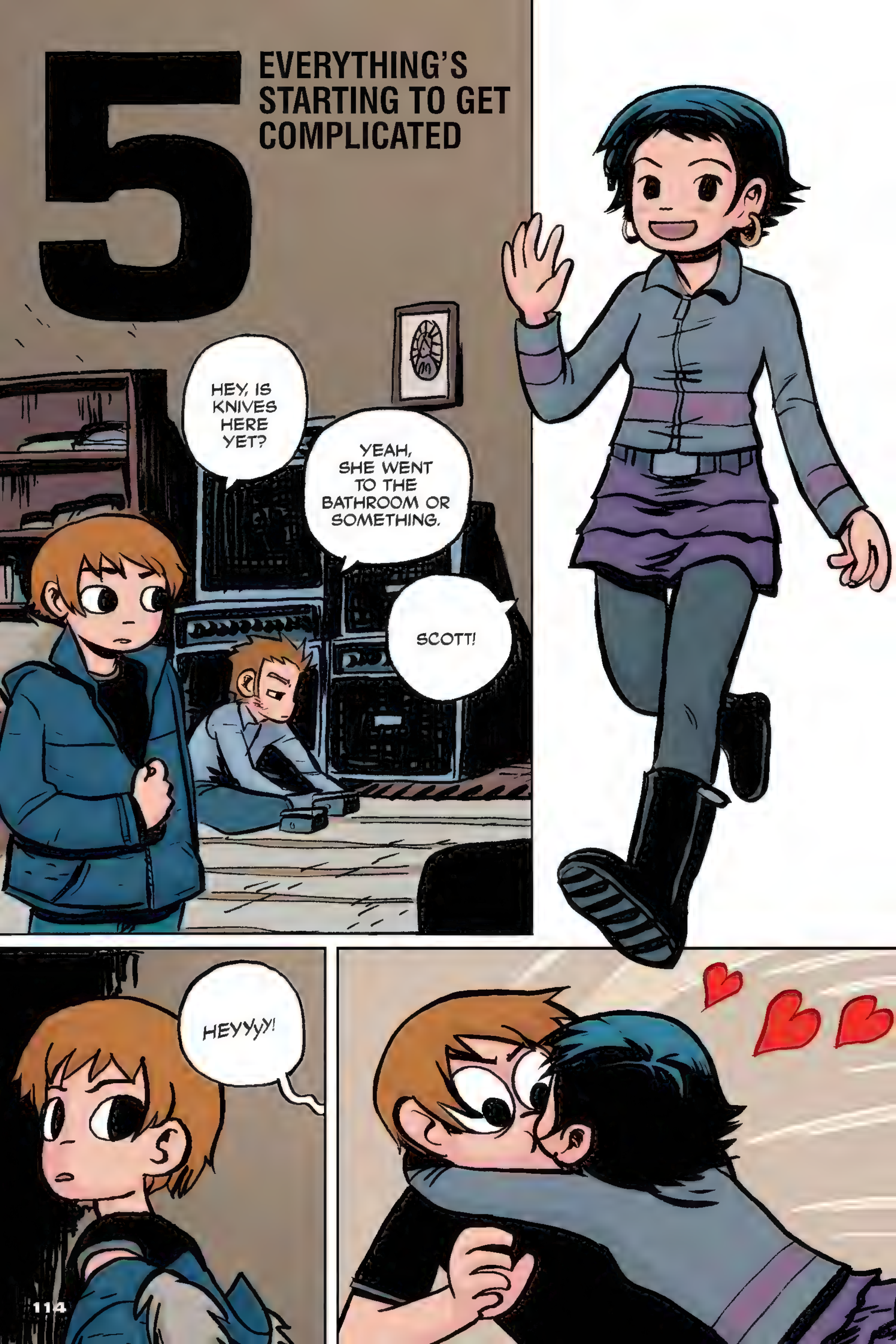

DUDE, A LETTER? I GOT A LETTER?
SO YEAH, I DON'T KNOW IF I TOLD YOU ABOUT THIS GIRL RAMONA, BUT MAN, SHE'S SO AMAZING. SHE'S TOTALLY... I CAN'T... YEAH.
DID YOU SLEEP WITH HER?
I... YES. I SLEPT WITH HER. IN HER BED.
YOU SHOULD BREAK UP WITH YOUR FAKE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIEND, SCOTT.
WELL, I DIDN'T HAVE SEX WITH HER, WALLACE.
YOU SHOULD BREAK UP WITH YOUR FAKE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIEND, SCOTT.
...YEAH, I KNOW.
WHO'S THE LETTER FROM?



DEAR MR. PILGRIM. MY NAME IS MATTHEW PATEL, AND I'M... UH HUH, YEAH... RECEIVED NO REPLY TO MY E-MAIL OF SATURDAY... CONSIDER THIS FAIR WARNING... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH... FIGHT... SCHEDULE... ETCETERA...
SO, THE USUAL?
I GUESS I'M JUST NOT THAT INTERESTED IN WHATEVER THIS GENTLEMAN IS SELLING.
SLUMP
OH, HEY, WE HAVE A SHOW TOMORROW. AT THE ROCKIT. YOU SHOULD COME.
I'LL COME IF YOU BREAK UP WITH KNIVES TONIGHT. THAT POOR MISGUIDED ANGEL.


AAAAAAAAAAAAGGGRRRB-BGGBBGGLALAAA!!!




5
EVERYTHING'S STARTING TO GET COMPLICATED
HEY, IS KNIVES HERE YET?
YEAH, SHE WENT TO THE BATHROOM OR SOMETHING.
SCOTT!
HEYYYY!


UH... HEY!
HEY!
DO YOU LIKE IT? I WANTED TO LOOK GOOD FOR THE SHOW!
I... YES! IT LOOKS GREAT! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE... READY TO... HIT THE SCENE?
THANKS!
UM, LISTEN... I THINK WE SHOULD...
...I THINK... I... SHOULD GO SET UP?


OKAY, LISTEN UP. AS YOU KNOW, WE'RE PLAYING A SHOW TOMORROW WITH CRASH AND THE BOYS.
CRASH AND THE BOYS
BOOOO.
"CRASH" WILSON SINGS AND PLAYS GUITAR.
"CRASH"
LUCAS "CRASH" WILSON
GIBSON LES PAUL CLASSIC
JOEL
JOEL MACMILLAN
AND THAT GUY JOEL ON BASS? I HATE THAT GUY!
DON'T YOU HATE *ALL* BASS PLAYERS?
WELL, I DON'T HATE *MYSELF*, KIM...
I FOUND OUT THEY GOT A NEW DRUMMER RECENTLY. THEIR OLD GUY WENT INSANE AND LAPSED INTO A COMA OR SOMETHING.
?



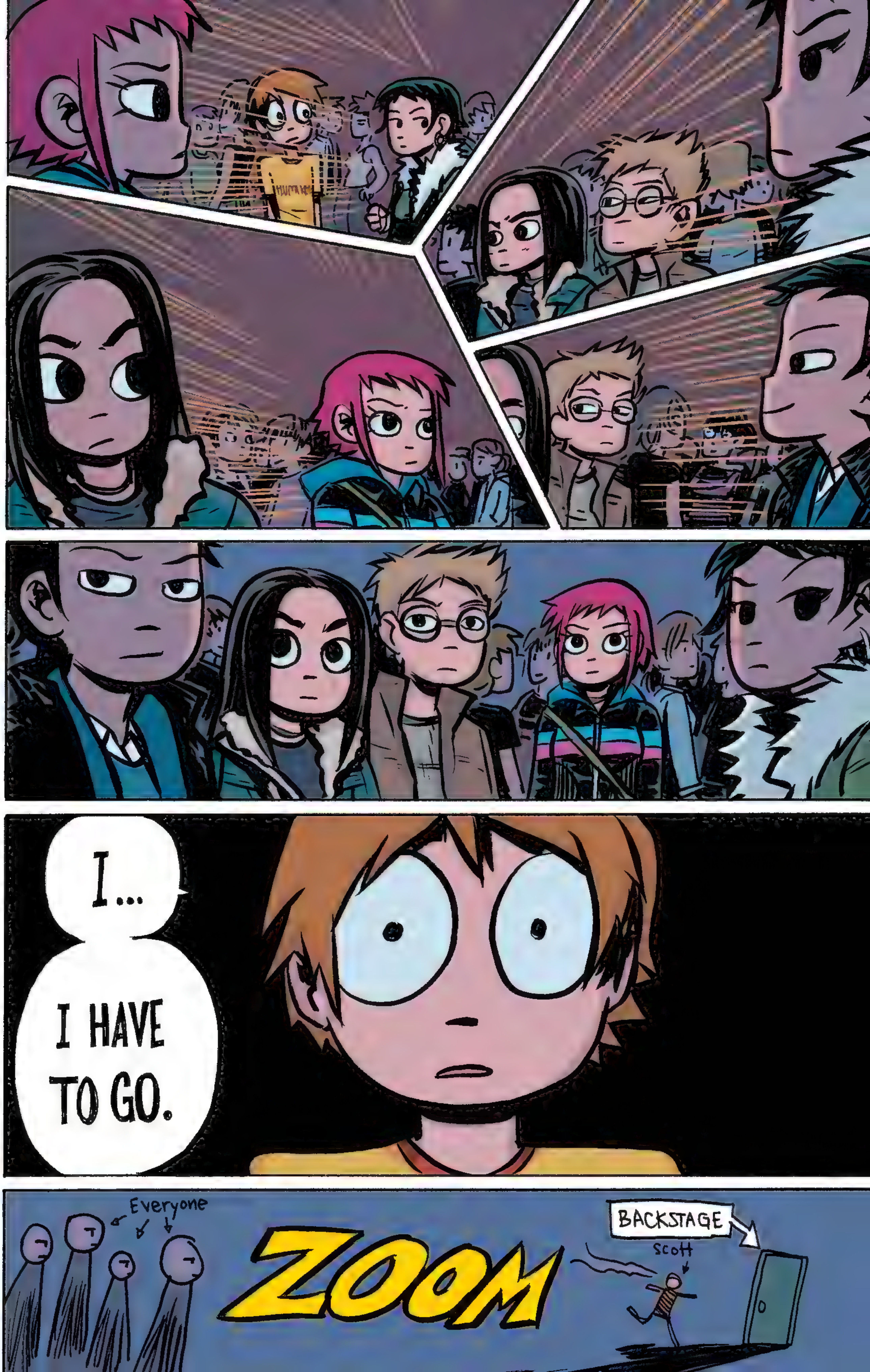
SO WHO'S THE NEW GUY?
IT'S A...
GIRL.
THEY GOT A GIRL DRUMMER??
SHE'S THEIR SECRET WEAPON! THEY CALL HER TRASHA, AND SHE'S EIGHT YEARS OLD.
I HEAR THEY DISCOVERED HER AT THE PACIFIC MALL ARCADE, PLAYING DRUM-MANIA. SHE HAS SO MUCH A.D.D., IT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY.
"TRASHA"
AKA TRISHA HA, AGE 8
I HATE HER SO MUCH.
WELL, LET'S DO IT! LET'S PRACTICE! WE'VE GOT 24 HOURS!


24 HRS LATER
ROCKIT
HEY, GUYS!
HEY, I RAN INTO YOUR SISTER OUTSIDE. OTHER SCOTT COULDN'T MAKE IT.
YOU CAN HANG OUT WITH US, WALLACE!


SO WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, STACE?
THIS IS JIMMY.
HEY.
THIS IS MY BROTHER'S BOY-CRAZY ROOMMATE, WALLACE.
I'D RESENT THAT IF IT WEREN'T SO *TRUE*.
NICE TO *MEET* YOU!
UH... YEAH!
THANKS FOR COMING, STACE! YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND.
AWWW, I'M ALWAYS THERE FOR MY LITTLE BROTHER'S CRAPPY BAND'S SHOWS, YOU KNOW THAT!

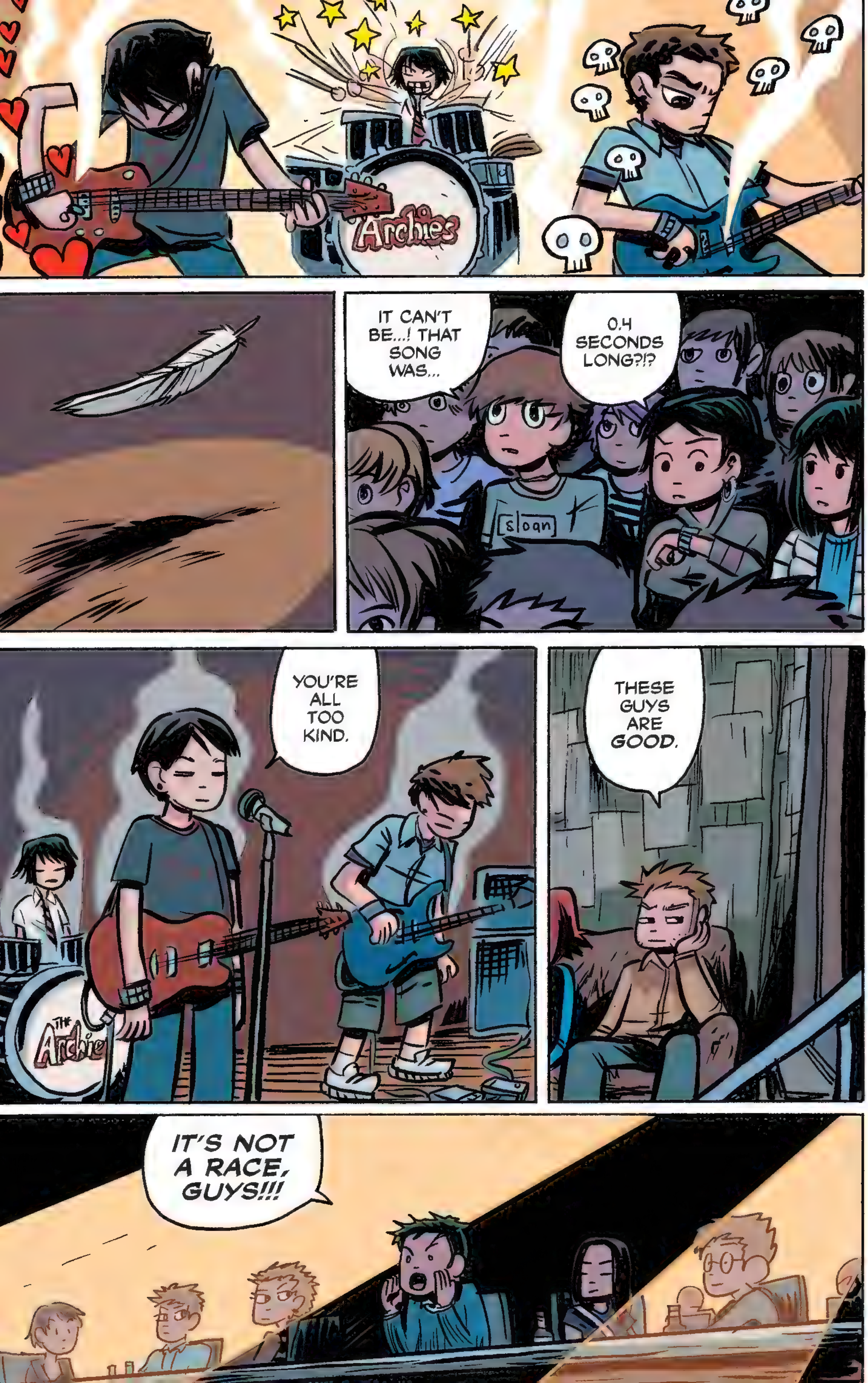

DIDN'T YOU SAY HE WAS LIKE, FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN YOU?
YES...
PLUMTREE
HEYYyY!
EXIT
TAMARA CHEN
17 YEARS OLD
STATUS: TOTALLY SCARED
KNIVES CHAU
17 YEARS OLD
STATUS: TOTALLY CRAZY
POW


UH... HEY!
EVERYONE, THIS IS—
RAMONA V. FLOWERS
AGE UNKNOWN
STATUS: SCOTT IS AN IDIOT

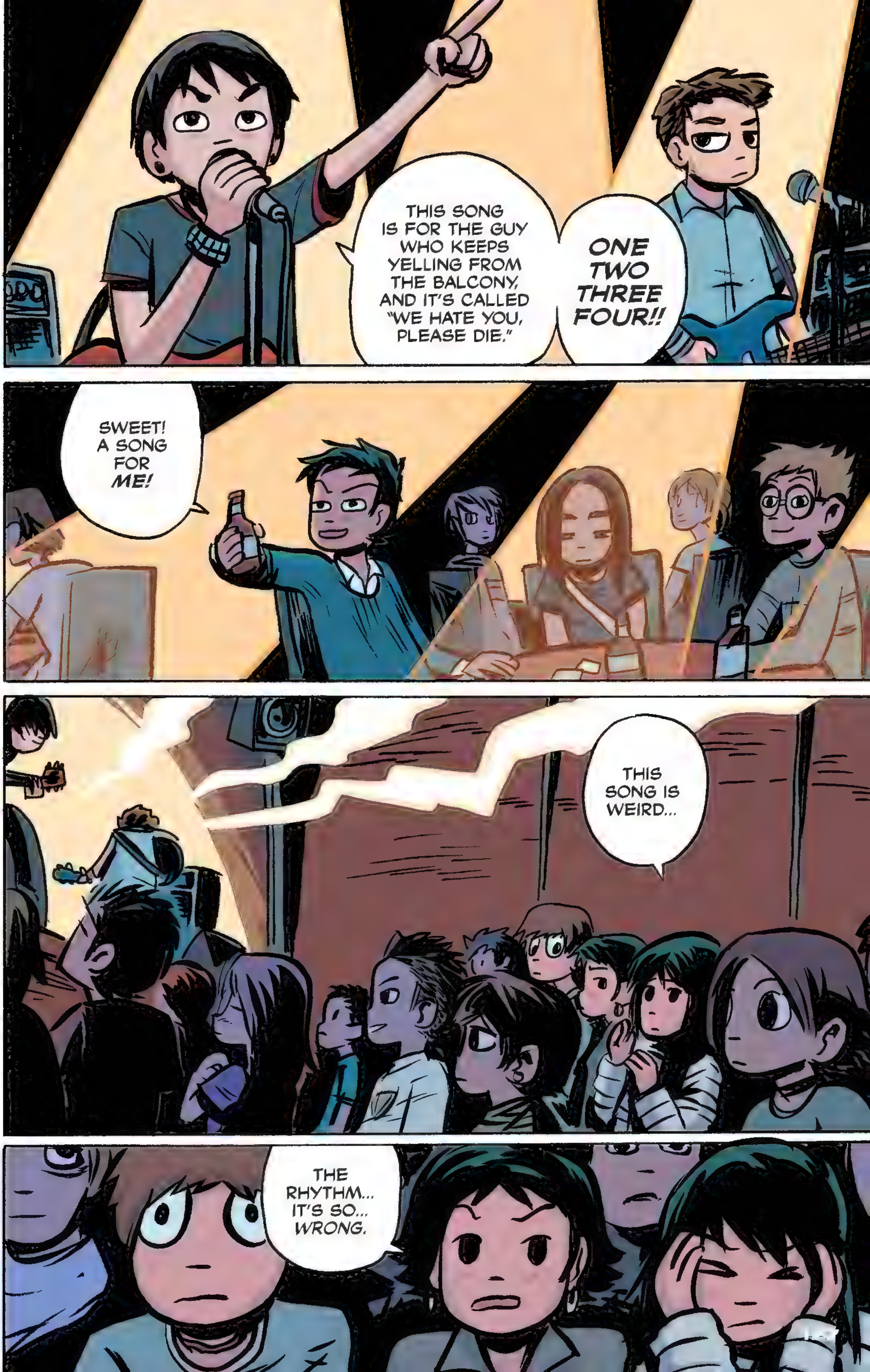

I...
I HAVE TO GO.
Everyone
ZOOM
BACKSTAGE
Scott


GOOD EVENING. I AM CRASH, AND THESE ARE THE BOYS.
THE Archies
IS THAT GIRL A BOY, TOO?
YES!!


SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, JIMMY?
DO THEY ROCK OR SUCK?
THEY... THEY HAVEN'T STARTED PLAYING YET.
THAT WAS A TEST, JIMMY, AND YOU PASSED.
WHAT TIME DID YOU START DRINKING TODAY, WALLACE, LIKE, NOON?
YOU'RE A FUNNY LADY, STACEY PILGRIM.
THIS IS CALLED "I AM SO SAD. I AM SO VERY VERY SAD," AND IT GOES A LITTLE SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

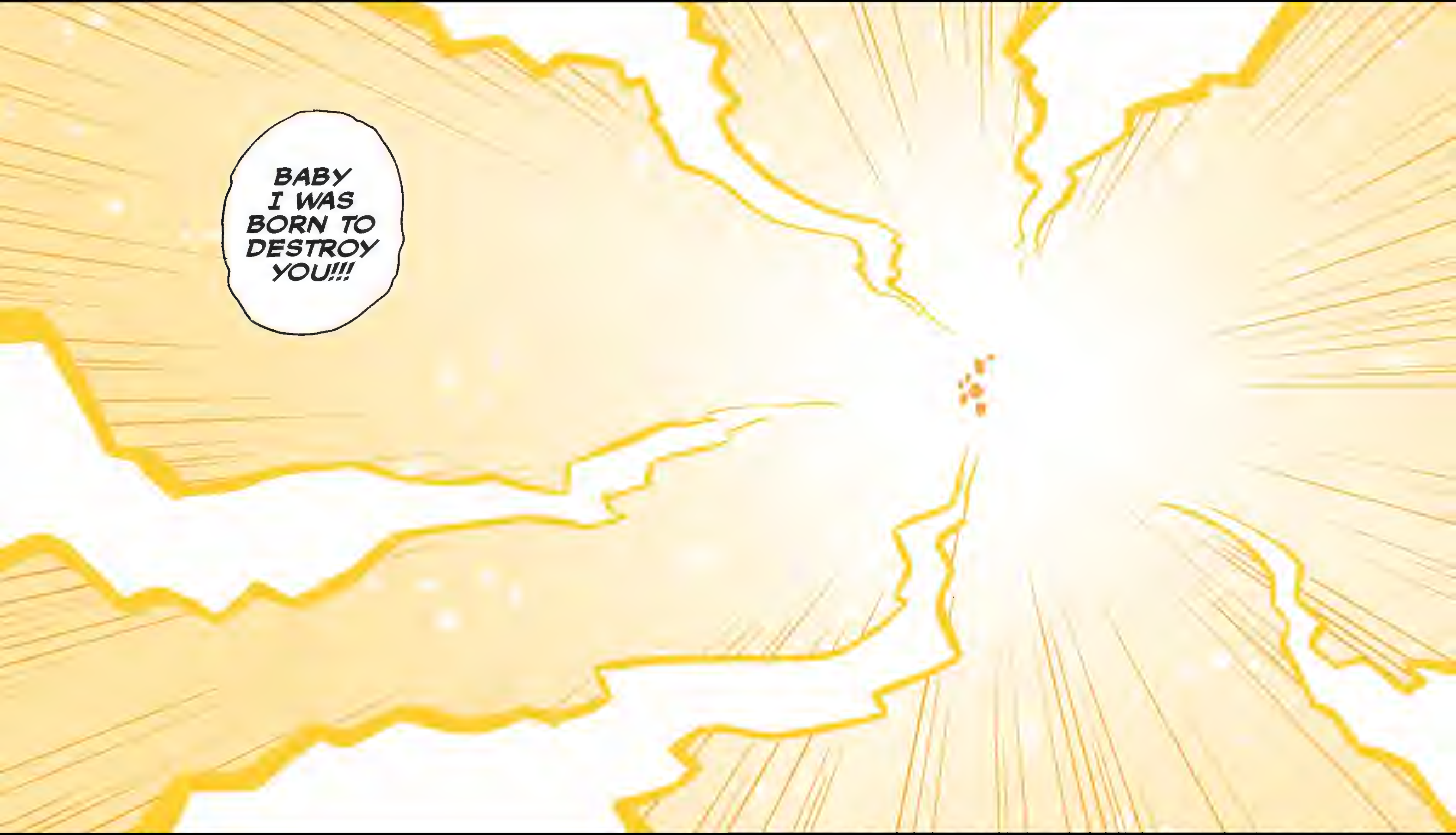


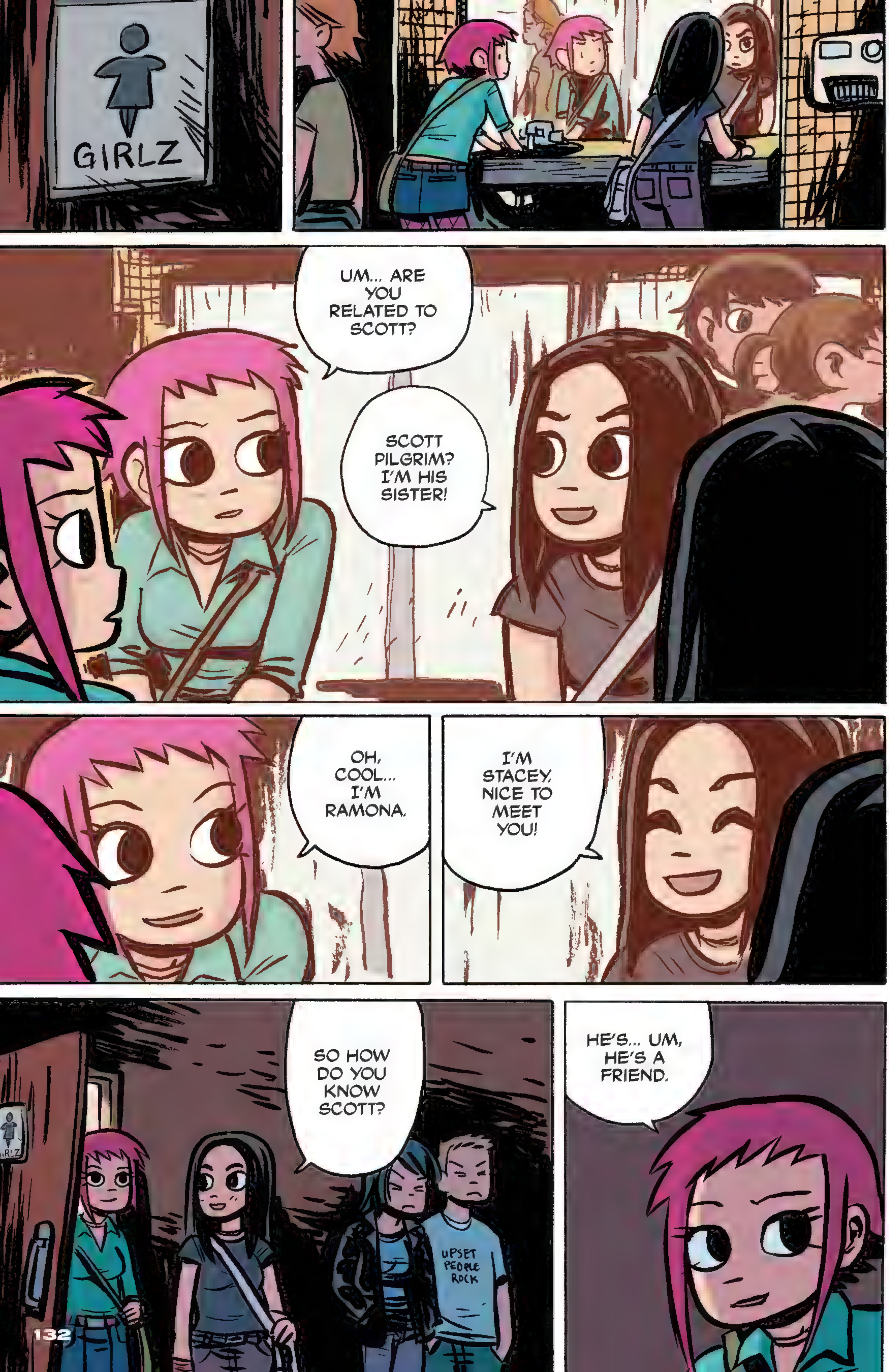
IT CAN'T BE...! THAT SONG WAS...
0.4 SECONDS LONG?!?
sloan
YOU'RE ALL TOO KIND.
THESE GUYS ARE GOOD.
IT'S NOT A RACE, GUYS!!!


THIS SONG IS FOR THE GUY WHO KEEPS YELLING FROM THE BALCONY, AND IT'S CALLED "WE HATE YOU, PLEASE DIE."
ONE TWO THREE FOUR!!
SWEET! A SONG FOR *ME!*
THIS SONG IS WEIRD...
THE RHYTHM... IT'S SO... *WRONG.*


THIS IS A TRAVESTY.
MAYBE THEY'LL SPREAD RUMOURS ABOUT HOW WE ROCK, AND THEN PEOPLE WILL THINK WE ROCK!
WELL, KNIVES AND NEIL ARE OUT THERE.
DID YOU NOTICE HOW KNIVES STARTED DRESSING LIKE ME?
WHAT? NO, REALLY?
SHE'S, LIKE, YOU KNOW, BITING MY STYLE?
SHE STARTED WEARING THAT JACKET, AND THEN THE SKIRTS—
THIS SONG IS CALLED "ZOG"! ONE TWO THREE FOUR!!!
THEY'RE A MENACE TO SOCIETY.

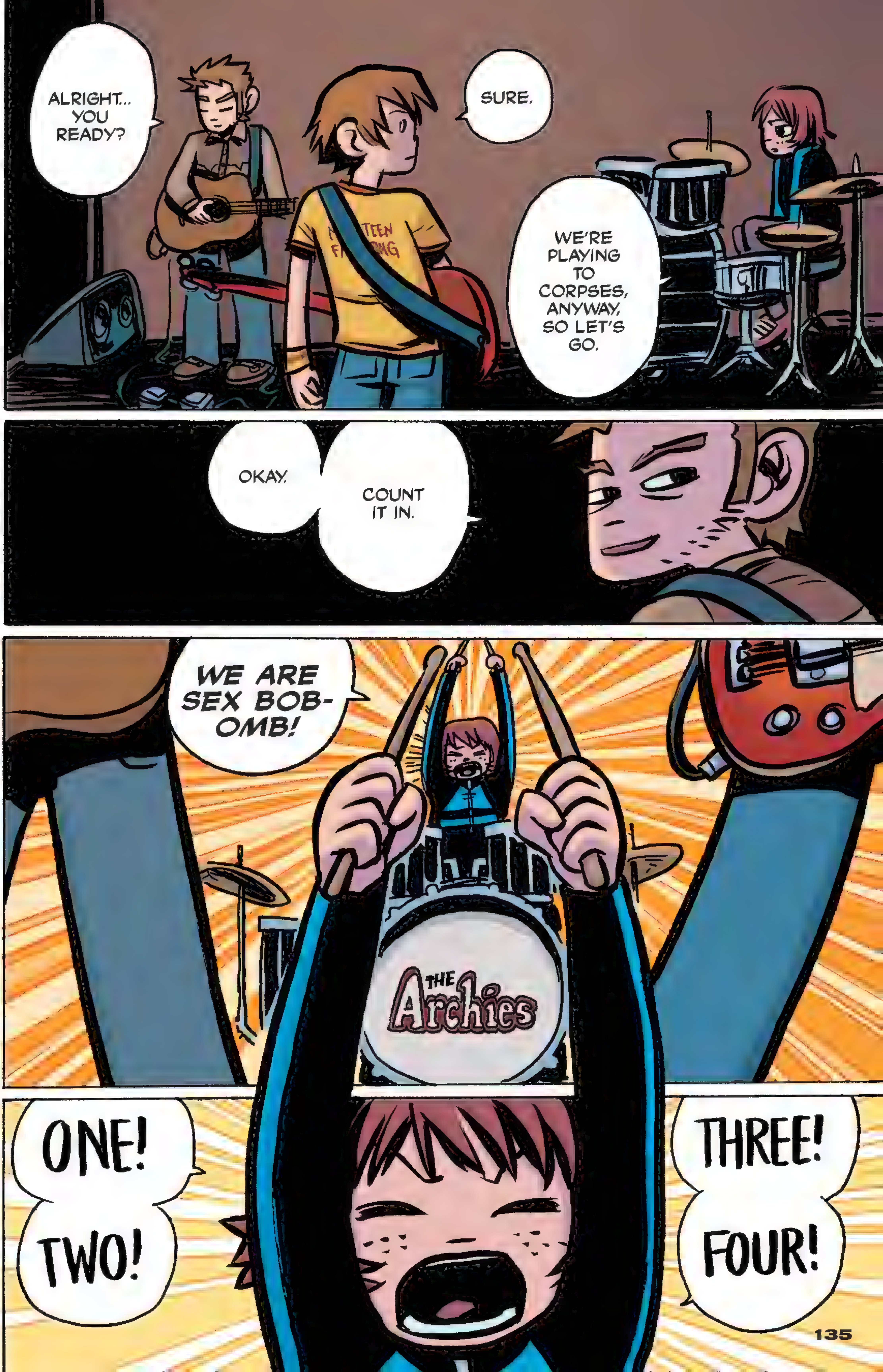

THIS SONG IS CALLED "LAST SONG KILLS AUDIENCE," AND IT'LL BE OUR LAST SONG TONIGHT...
...FOR YOU ALL!! EYAAHA-HAHAHHAA!! ONE TWO THREE FOUR!!!
PEACE.
THE Archies
ARE THEY SERIOUS?
THEY CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
NAH, I'VE SEEN THEM DO THIS BEFORE. IT ACTUALLY JUST KNOCKS MOST OF THE AUDIENCE UNCONSCIOUS FOR LIKE 20-TO-30 MINUTES.
WE HAVE TO PLAY NEXT!!


BABY I WAS BORN TO DESTROY YOU!!!


GIRLZ
UM... ARE YOU RELATED TO SCOTT?
SCOTT PILGRIM? I'M HIS SISTER!
OH, COOL... I'M RAMONA.
I'M STACEY. NICE TO MEET YOU!
SO HOW DO YOU KNOW SCOTT?
HE'S... UM, HE'S A FRIEND.
UPSET PEOPLE ROCK


I GUESS THE FIRST BAND IS— OH, MY GOD.
WHAT THE—!?!
WHAT... HAPPENED?
GASP!
WALLACE!!!!! HOW DARE YOU?!!?!?


GOOD LUCK, EH?
THANKS, JOEL.
THE Archies
GOOOOD LUCK!
YOU. SIT OVER THERE. YOU'RE NOT STEALING ANOTHER GUY FROM ME.
OH, THIS IS SCOTT'S FRIEND RAMONA.
THIS IS SCOTT'S ASSHOLE ROOMMATE, WALLACE WELLS.

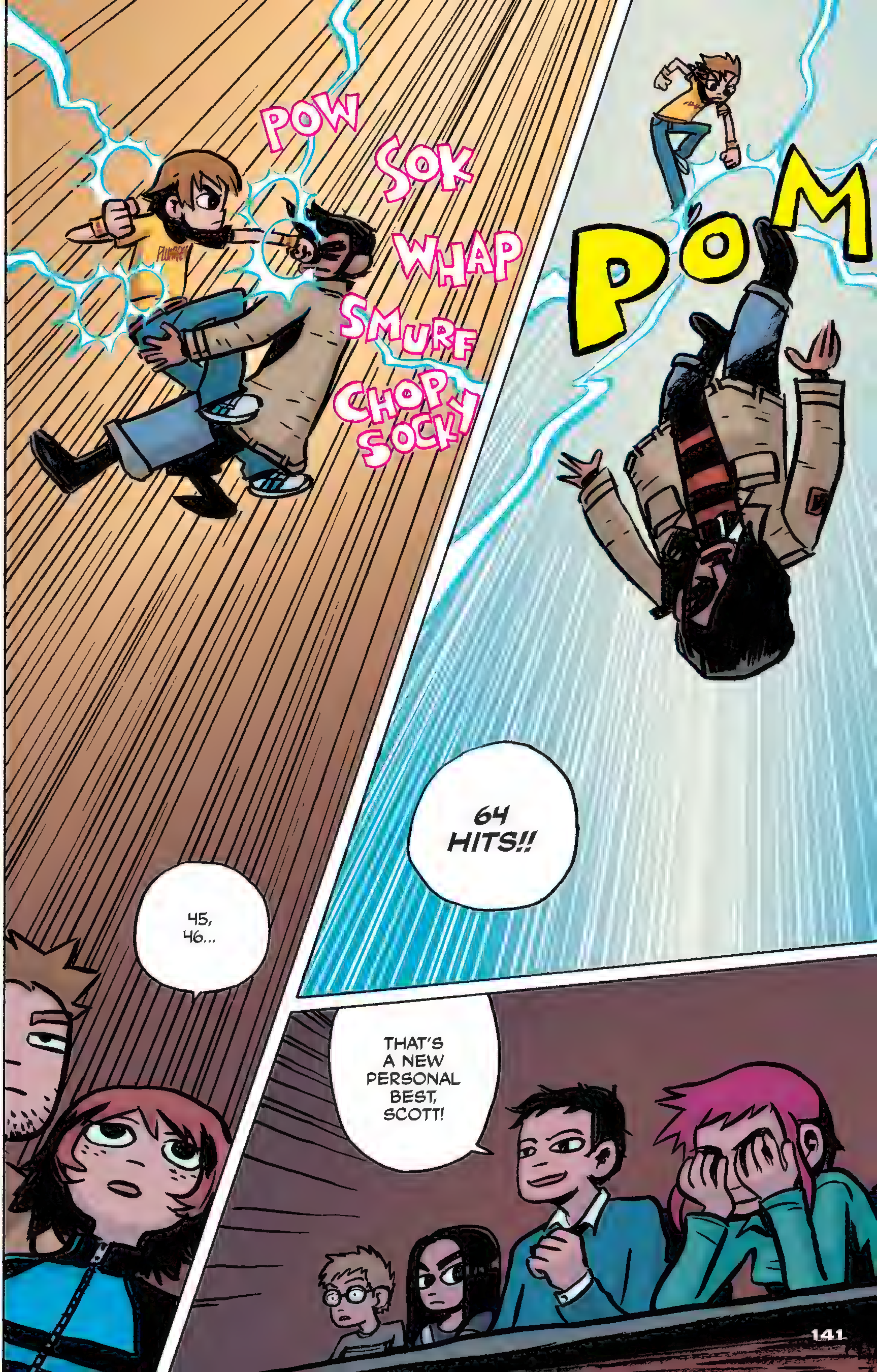

ALRIGHT... YOU READY?
SURE.
WE'RE PLAYING TO CORPSES, ANYWAY, SO LET'S GO.
OKAY.
COUNT IT IN.
WE ARE SEX BOB-OMB!
THE Archies
ONE!
TWO!
THREE!
FOUR!


YOU NEVER EVEN—
CRASH
...
MR. PILGRIM! IT IS I, MATTHEW PATEL!
CONSIDER OUR FIGHT... BEGUN!!!
PLUMTREE


GUYS, GET OFF THE STAGE.
KPOK
KROWW
REVERSAL


ALRIGHT... ALRIGHT...
SCOTT!
MASS TEEN FAINTING
HURK!!
SWOK
WHAT?
WATCH OUT! IT'S THAT ONE GUY!
OK, THANK YOU, WALLACE!


KRAK
HE'S GOING FOR THE AIR JUGGLE!
THIS GUY IS SUCH TOAST. DOESN'T HE KNOW THAT SCOTT'S THE BEST FIGHTER IN THE PROVINCE?


POW
SOK
WHAP
SMURF
CHOP
SOCK!
POM
64 HITS!!
45, 46...
THAT'S A NEW PERSONAL BEST, SCOTT!


SO, PILGRIM, YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THEY SAY.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
the Archies
MASS TEEN FAINTING
MY NAME IS MATTHEW PATEL... AND I'M RAMONA'S FIRST EVIL EX-BOYFRIEND.


CHOK
YOU'RE FIGHTING ME BECAUSE OF RAMONA?
YES! DIDN'T YOU GET MY E-MAIL AND LETTER EXPLAINING THE SITUATION?
PLUMTREE
I... SKIMMED THEM...?
I DELIVERED THAT LETTER PERSONALLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLIZZARD! YOU'LL PAY!!
WHAT'S WITH YOUR OUTFIT, ANYWAY? ARE YOU A PIRATE?
P...PIRATES ARE IN THIS YEAR!!


SO WHEN DID YOU DATE RAMONA?
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!!
DODGE
C'MON, MAN, DISH! GOT ANY EMBARRASSING STORIES?
Y... YOUR MOM IS AN EMBARR-ASSING STORY!
BLOCK
IT WAS IN THE SEVENTH GRADE.


IT WAS FOOTBALL SEASON, AND THE LITTLE JOCKS WERE IN HIGH GEAR. FOR SOME REASON THEY ALL WANTED ME...


MATTHEW PATEL WAS THE ONLY NON-WHITE, NON-JOCK KID IN SCHOOL. PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE FOR MILES AROUND, OR IN THE ENTIRE STATE, FOR ALL I KNOW. SO, OF COURSE...
KISSY KISSY



WE JOINED FORCES AND TOOK 'EM ALL OUT. WE WERE ONE HELL OF A TEAM. NOTHING COULD BEAT MATTHEW'S MYSTICAL POWERS COMBINED WITH MY BRUTE STRENGTH.





NOTHING BUT PRE-ADOLESCENT CAPRICIOUSNESS.




WE ONLY KISSED THE ONCE, AND WE WERE QUITS AFTER SOME-THING LIKE A WEEK AND A HALF.
HE DIDN'T GET ***REALLY*** EVIL UNTIL HIGH SCHOOL, AND BY THAT TIME HE'D MOVED FAR, FAR AWAY.

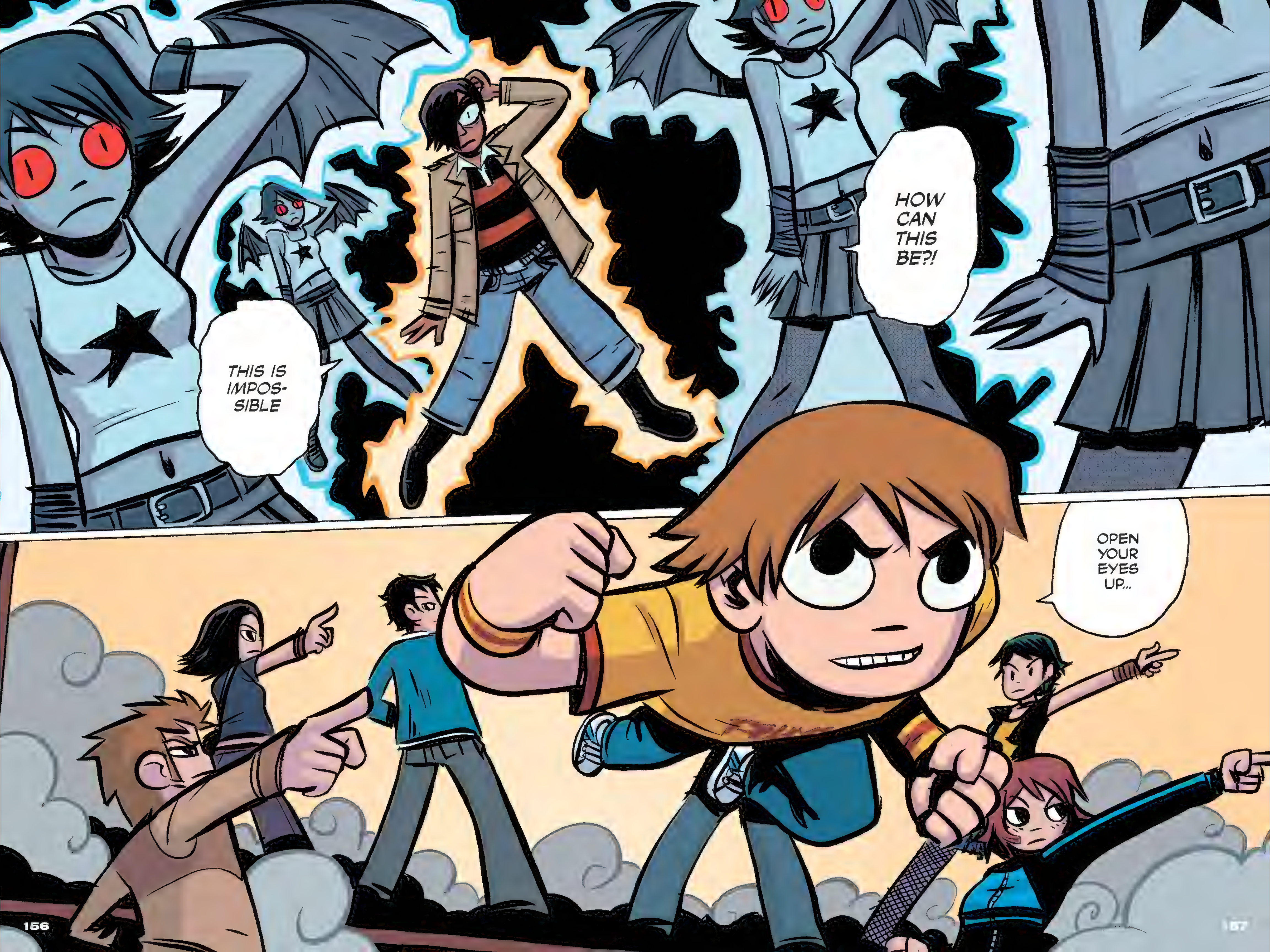

DUDE, WAIT... MYSTICAL POWERS?
Y-YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, FLOWERS!!


IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT ME
PAF
YOU'RE NOT THE BRIGHTEST


YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT YOU IN THE SLIGHTEST!
sloan
PLUMTREE

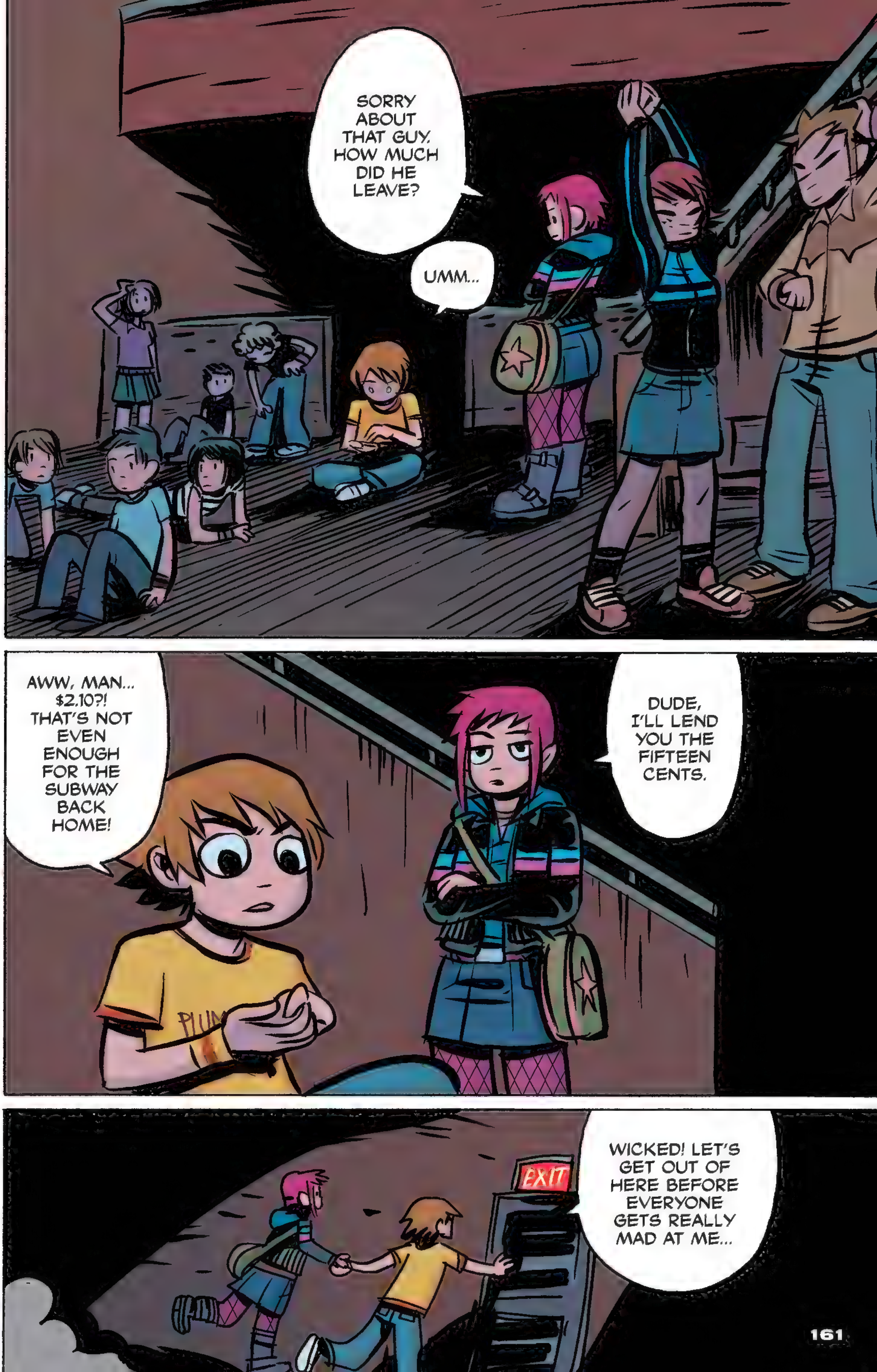

FIRE-BALLS, GIRLS
EXIT
TAKE THESE SUCKERS OUT
LET ME TELL YOU WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

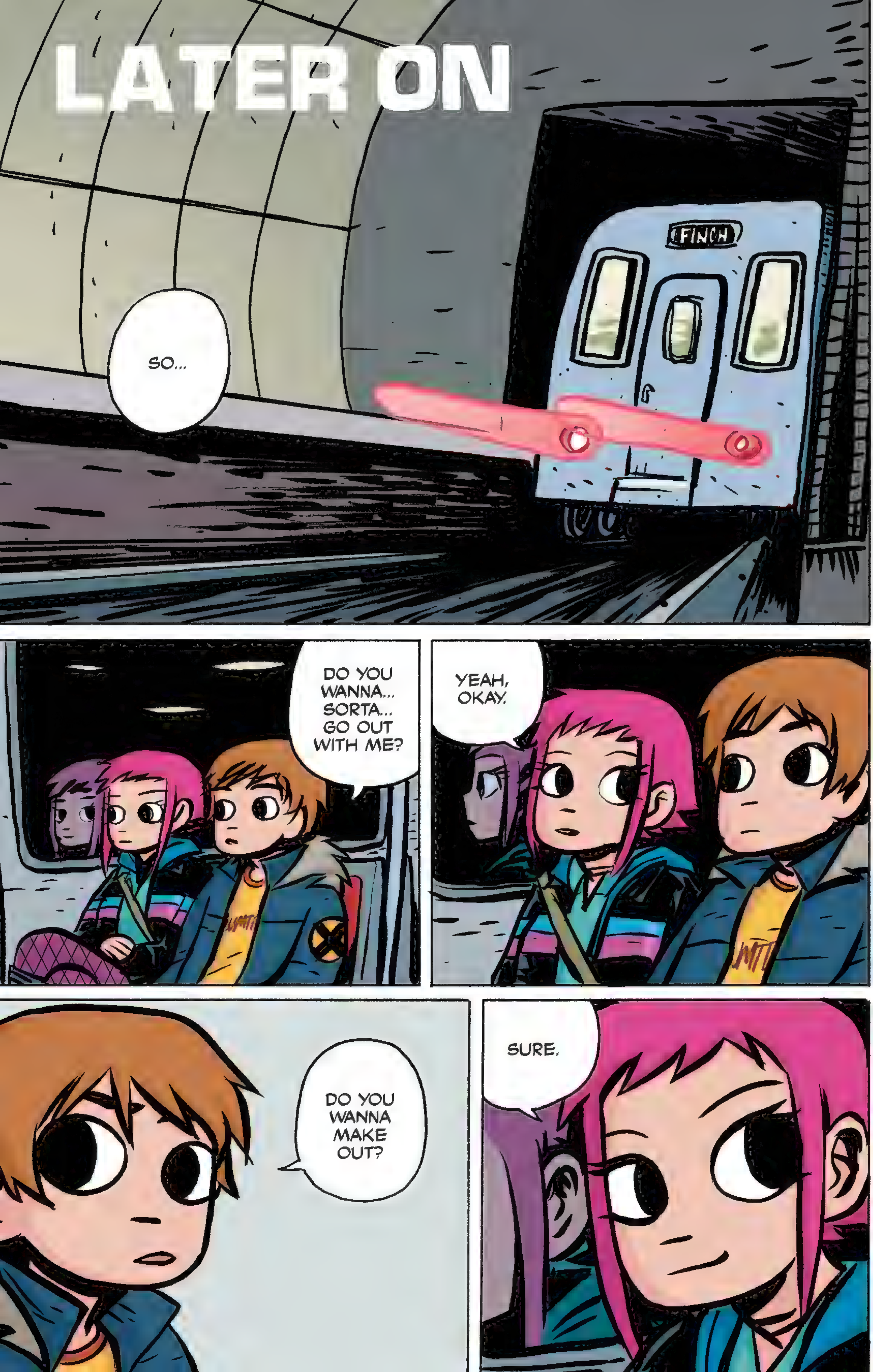

YOU AND YOUR FIRE-BALLS AND YOUR DEMON HIPSTER CHICKS
YOU'RE TALKING THE TALK AND IT'S ALL PRETTY SLICK
PLUMTREE
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GREAT, BUT YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT
YOU GOTTA HAVE FRIENDSHIP AND COURAGE AND WHAT-EVER!
PLUMTREE
THAT DOESN'T EVEN RHYME!
SHUT UP!
PLUMTREE


THIS IS IMPOS-SIBLE
HOW CAN THIS BE?!
OPEN YOUR EYES UP...


MAYBE
YOU'LL
SEE!
K.O.


PO
OM
clink
SWEET! COINS!


SORRY ABOUT THAT GUY. HOW MUCH DID HE LEAVE?
UMM...
AWW, MAN... $2.10?! THAT'S NOT EVEN ENOUGH FOR THE SUBWAY BACK HOME!
DUDE, I'LL LEND YOU THE FIFTEEN CENTS.
WICKED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE EVERYONE GETS REALLY MAD AT ME...
EXIT


LATER ON
FINCH
SO...
DO YOU WANNA... SORTA... GO OUT WITH ME?
YEAH, OKAY.
DO YOU WANNA MAKE OUT?
SURE.

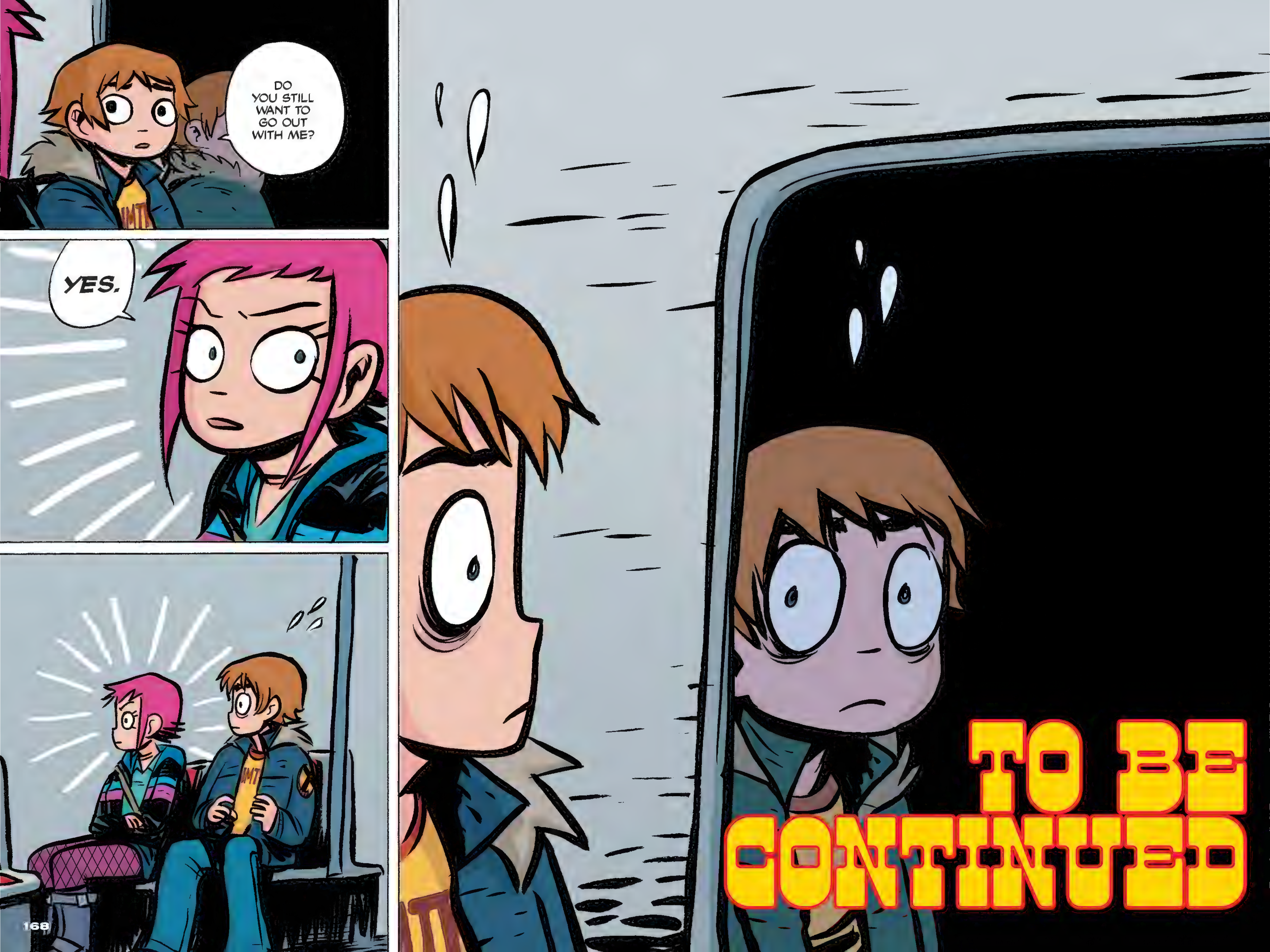

OOOOOOOHHHHH!
STUDIO AUDIENCE
THAT ONE GUY... MATTHEW MATTEL OR WHATEVER. I GUESS HE USED TO BE YOUR BOYFRIEND, EH?
YEAH... ABOUT THAT...


UM, I GUESS YOU HAVE TO FIGHT MY– SEVEN?– EVIL EX-BOY-FRIENDS.
UM, IF YOU WANT TO, LIKE, DATE ME.
SEVEN EVIL EX-BOY-FRIENDS?
SIX OR SEVEN.
YOU DATED SEVEN EVIL DUDES?
NOT ALL AT ONCE!


SO, OKAY... I HAVE TO FIGHT—
DEFEAT.
...DEFEAT YOUR SEVEN EVIL EX-BOYFRIENDS IF I WANT TO KEEP DATING YOU?
YEAH, WELL, I GUESS? PRETTY MUCH?
AND THEY'D COME ONE AT A TIME?
NOT ALL AT ONCE. I DUNNO ABOUT ONE AT A TIME.
HUH.
WELL, I GUESS I'M OKAY WITH THAT.


COOL.
SO, UH...
THIS GUY GIDEON...
IS HE...
UH...
IS HE ONE OF THEM?


UM.
YOUR, UH...
HEAD...
UM, ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH. I'M FINE.


DO YOU STILL WANT TO GO OUT WITH ME?
YES.
TO BE CONTINUED

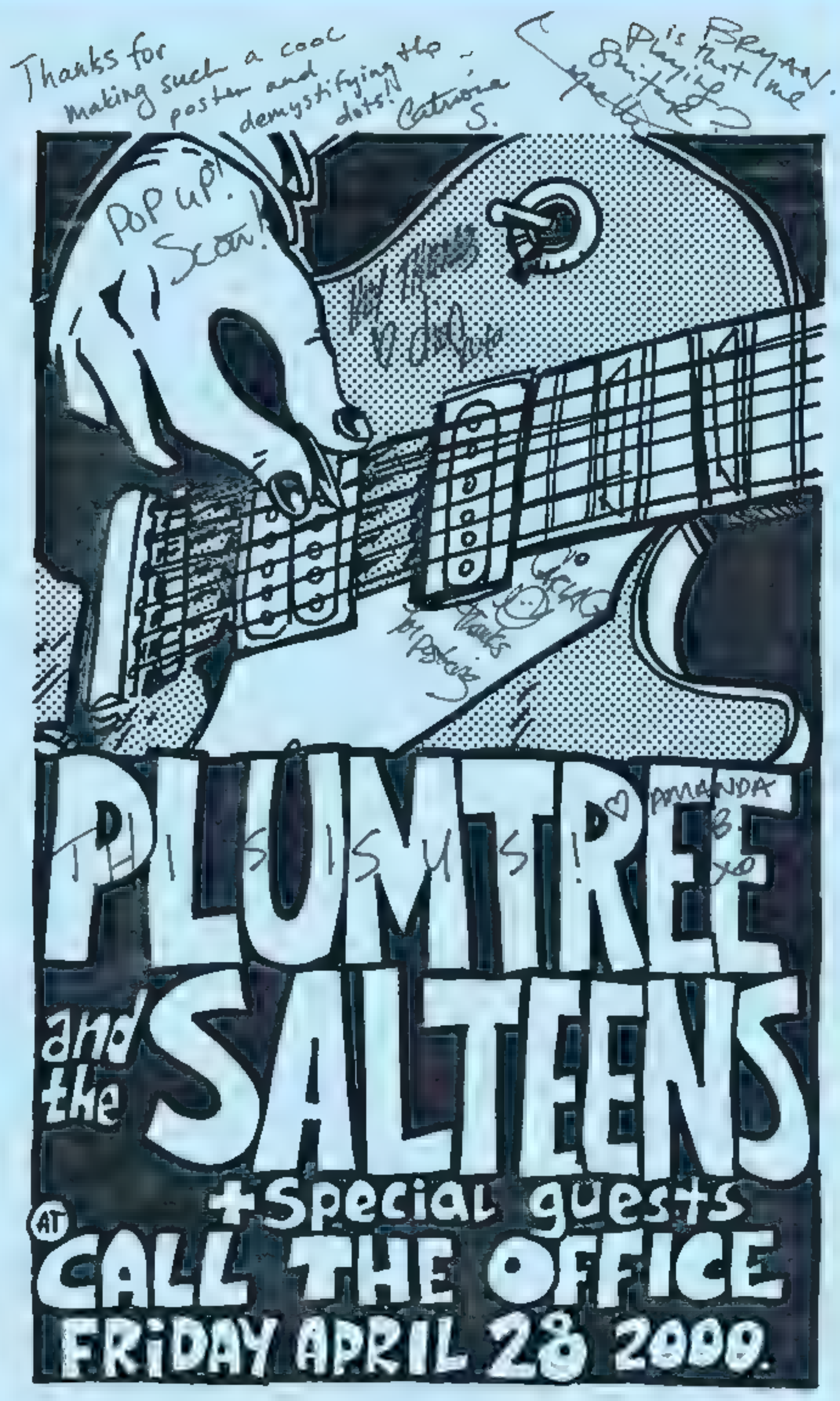
AFTERWORD

I WAS A 90S TEEN

When I was in high school, I didn't realize that I was living in the 90s. In retrospect it seems obvious.

In 1995-1996 I was in "grade 11" (that's what we called it in Canada). I guess I started becoming culturally aware around then. I would go see weird movies at the local art-house cinema, the New Yorker (in London, Ontario...), and I started tuning in to the college radio station from the University of Western Ontario (UWO).

I set my morning alarm clock to it. Every morning I would be blasted awake by mid-90s indie rock and Canadian Content. One morning I heard a song called "In The Sink" by a Halifax all-girl band called Plumtree. It was a catchy weird jangly surf-pop number about a girl and her worm collection. My sister Stacey and I both became obsessed with it, and pretty soon I went looking for Plumtree's album *Mass Teen Fainting* at... the mall.



PLUMTREE

Finding an obscure indie band's CD (label: Cinnamon Toast Records) in the Sunrise Records at Westmount Mall may have been a miracle. The album was amazing, and Plumtree became one of my favorite bands. They were cute and cheerful on the surface but their lyrics were funny and violent and moody and dark. They were only a little older than me, mostly still in high school at the time.

When they were touring for their second album, they came to London and by then I had a driver's license and took us (me, my sister and her friend Amy Stevens) to the show, at a dive called the Whippet Lounge. We randomly ran into Plumtree's bass player, Catriona, who took us inside and let us hang out with the band for a little while before the show started — soooo amazing! My sister and her friend were still like 16 or something and couldn't stay out late. I still remember the searing guitar from the song "Scott Pilgrim" blasting out the door as we reluctantly left.

BY BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY

GRAPHIC NOVELIST

Long story short: Plumtree broke up in 2000. In 2001 I ran away to California for a while to make comics with my Internet friends (one of whom I platonically shared a bed with for six months), and I started thinking about naming a story after good ol' Scott Pilgrim (whoever he was).

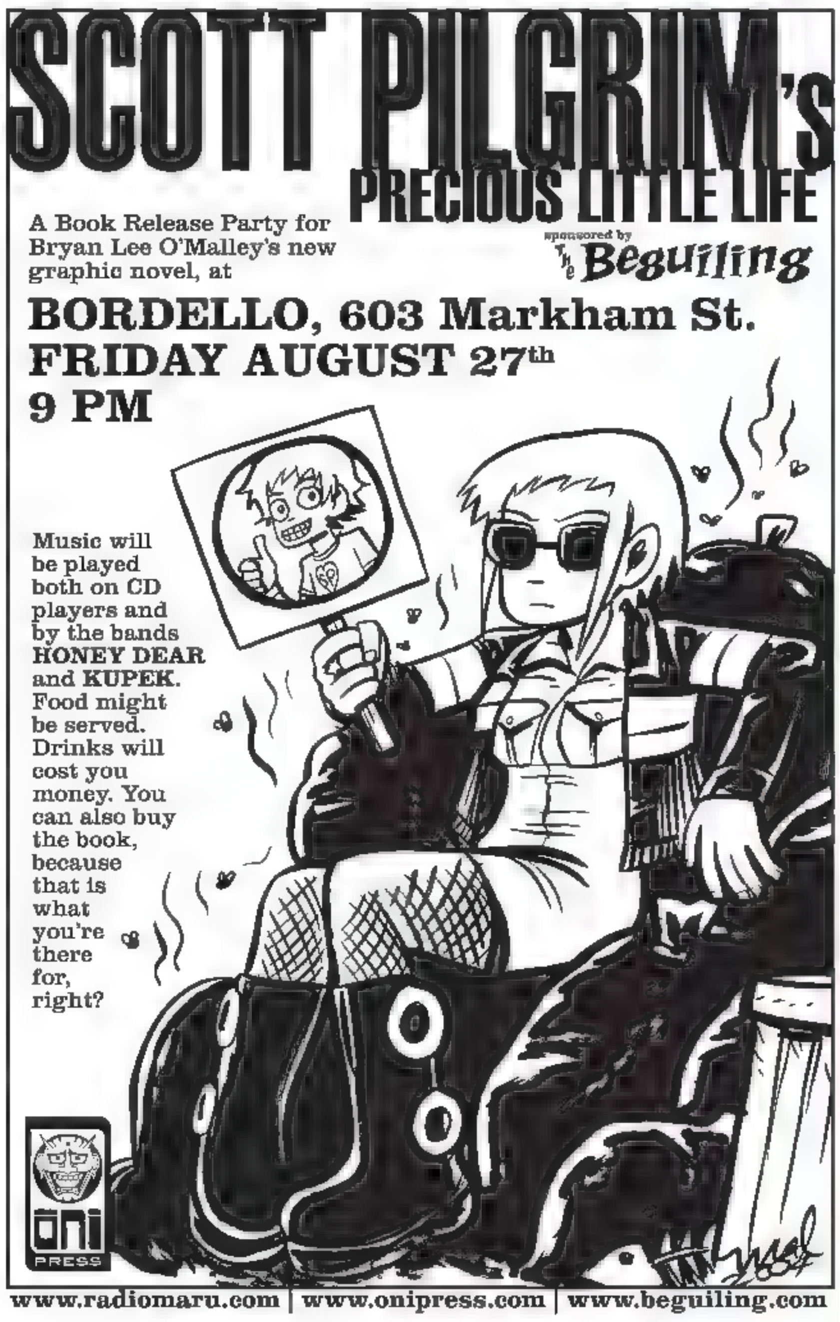
On December 31st 2001 I moved to Toronto with my new roommate Chris. At the beginning of 2002 I had a big breakup, and at the end of 2002 I met a new girl, and in between I moped around Toronto and rode the bus with Chris and shot the shit about this Scott Pilgrim guy and all the things that could happen in his world. His world would be like our world, only way better.

My first graphic novel (*Lost At Sea*) came out in December 2003. I already knew *Scott Pilgrim's Precious Little Life* would be my next project. I had a ton of ideas about the series and I just needed to scale them down to fit into 160 pages. My life at the time became the basis for *Scott*'s cast of characters: the American girlfriend, the unforgettable ex, the gay roommate, the sister, the friends and band members. The rest just rolled out of my brain at ludicrous speeds — I only spent six months writing and drawing this first book, and it was finished in time for a July 2004 release.

BIG DEAL

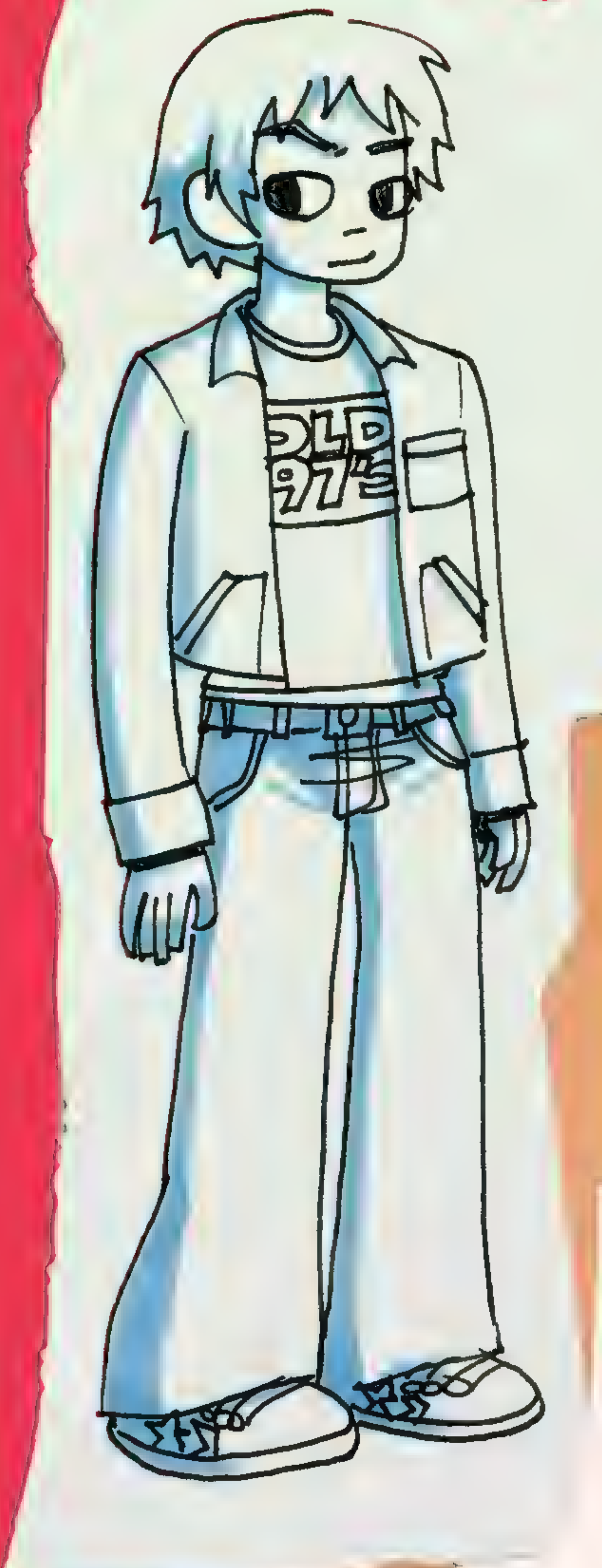
I went to San Diego Comic-Con in July, but the book was pushed back due to the printing schedule, and we didn't get any copies. I sat at a convention table with nothing to show. Back in Toronto we threw a little release party. A few people showed up, I signed a handful of books, and that was it.

The next week I had to get a job because I was broke. *Scott Pilgrim* wasn't going anywhere — I was doing indie comics on a microscopic scale. I quietly went to work and started making shit up for Volume 2.



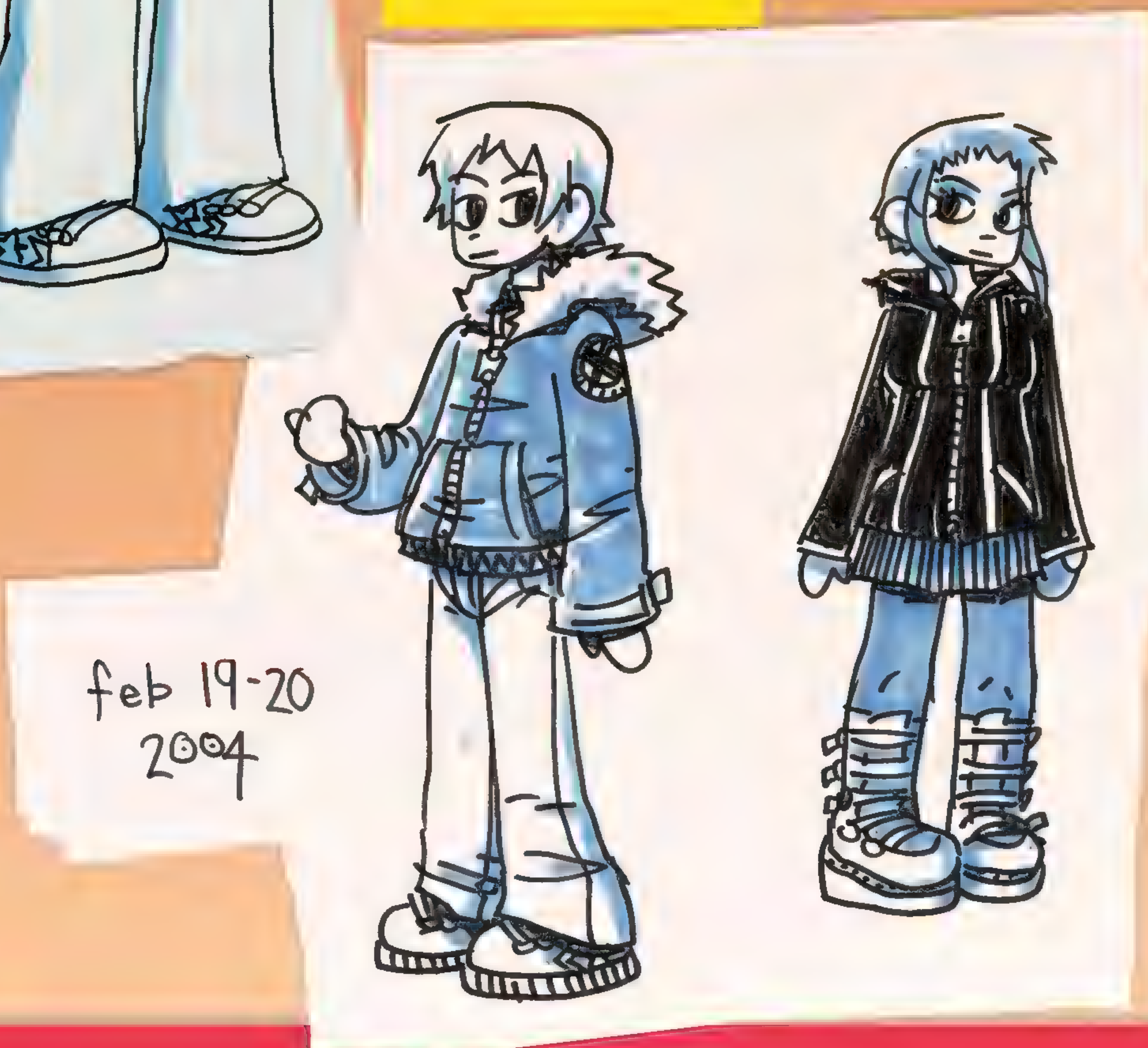
Above: *Scott Pilgrim's Precious Little Life* book release poster.

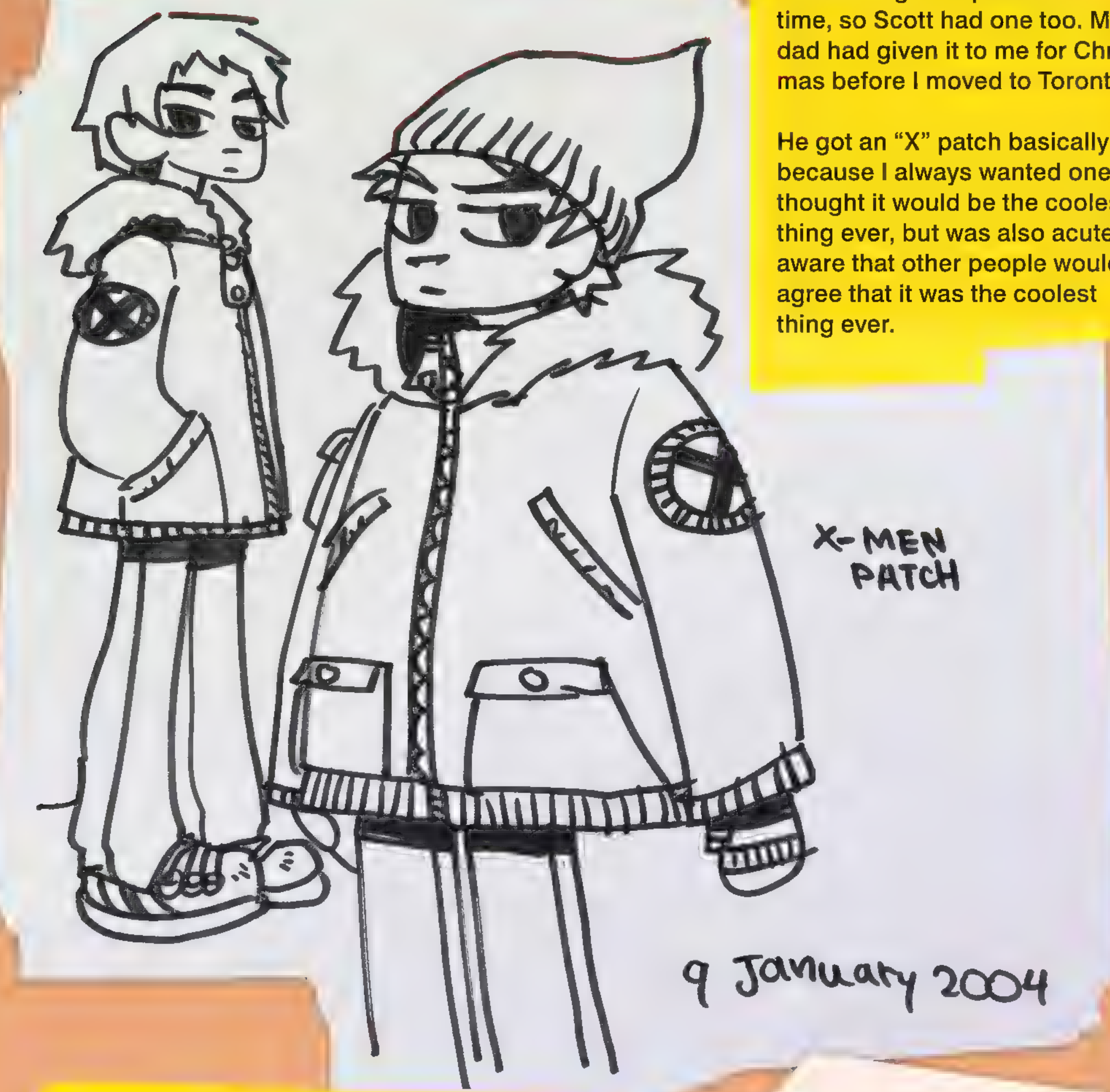
Left: Plumtree poster by O'Malley



I had drawn some *Hopeless Savages* comics for Oni Press and Jen Van Meter and really enjoyed drawing the character Twitch, who was kind of a mod kid and had cool hair. I think Scott's general look started as an extension of drawing Twitch a whole bunch of times in those comics.

Scott started out as more of a cool kid (i.e. handsome) but became goofier and more cartoony as I kept sketching.





I wore a big blue parka at the time, so Scott had one too. My dad had given it to me for Christmas before I moved to Toronto.

He got an "X" patch basically because I always wanted one. I thought it would be the coolest thing ever, but was also acutely aware that other people wouldn't agree that it was the coolest thing ever.

At some point a ridiculously long woolen hat came into my life. I think it belonged to my girlfriend. I imagined the hat curling up like some Tim Burton drawing and gave it to Scott like that.

On their first date

Ramona— So what's with the 'X'?
Scott— Hm?
RAMONA— On your jacket.
SCOTT— Oh, this? Well, obviously, one of us went to Professor Xavier's School for Gifted Youngsters, and one of us didn't.
RAMONA— Obviously ONE of us is a total nerd. Did you make that patch yourself?
SCOTT— I don't have to answer that!



Throughout the series Scott generally ended up wearing whatever shoes I currently had on. It's just always easier to draw something you see all the time.

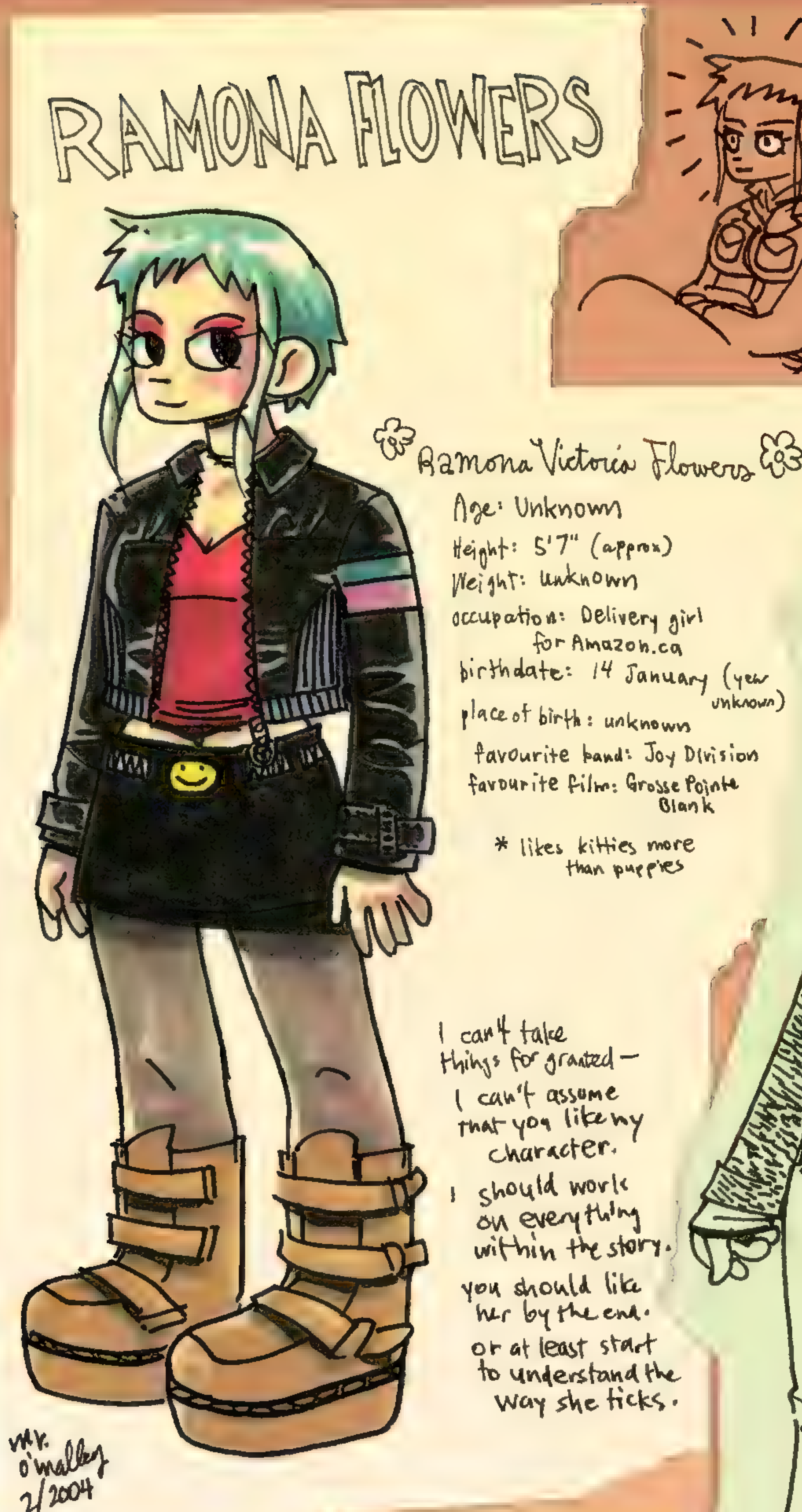
Ramona's hairstyle (long in the front, short in the back) was inspired by some girl I saw dancing in a night club probably in the late 90s.

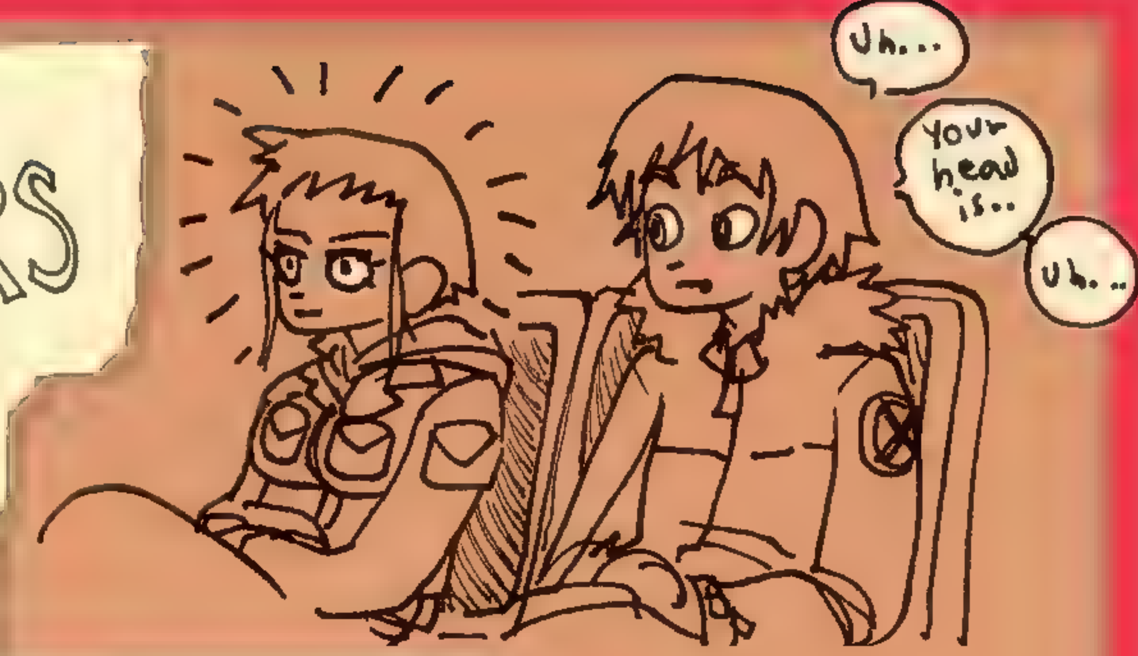
It was always supposed to be crazy colors — part of that comes from manga, where the books were black and white but the illustrations showed the girls' hair colored differently every time. Since it was a black and white book, I never really had to worry about what color her hair was!





I briefly worked with Brian Wood on one of his cool, sophisticated, ass-kicking New York girl comics. Part of the genesis of Ramona was wanting to grab a character like that and take her out of her element to boring old Toronto — I think that's why she was a rollerblading delivery girl.







The central conceit of Ramona having seven evil exes came into my head in dumb ways. I wanted to do a "shonen" story with a progression of enemies, and I was fascinated by the idea that my girlfriend had been with other people before me. Seven just seemed like a good number.

I put in the initial notes that Ramona's favorite band was Joy Division. She was a pretty tough cookie at first. As I wrote and drew her more, she lightened up, and her favorite band changed to The Replacements.

Wallace's personality was pretty clearly based on my roommate at the time, Chris, who was my sounding board for the many terrible ideas that eventually became this book. Chris doesn't look like Wallace; I have no idea who Wallace is supposed to look like. He looked like that the first time I ever drew him and he barely changed throughout the series.





A seventeen year old Chinese-Canadian high school girl. She becomes a total scenester after dating Scott for a short time. He met her on the bus with her mom.





Knives Chau is kind of a vague amalgamation of a lot of different (Asian) girls I knew in my late teens and early twenties. No naming of names. At the same time, she represents "coming of age" very literally — she changes more than any other character through the series, going from an innocent kid to a spurned psycho to a somewhat mature young adult.

Apparently there's a character named Knives in the anime *Trigun*. I didn't know that at the time. I got to Knives by twisting the name "Neve" around in my brain.



Kim Pine isn't based on anyone; she's a complete fabrication. The name "Kim Pine" dates back to high school when I was making up a superhero team of X-Men-ripoff mutant outcast teenagers. Kim Pine was an angsty goth-like girl whose body sprouted spikes when anyone got too close to her. Like a porcupine!!! GET IT???





I liked the name and the germ of the character, so I kept her around and put her in other things. She became a regular high schooler in my short-lived *STYLE* strip, which I later plundered for Scott Pilgrim's high school past. For *Scott Pilgrim*, she became a sullen freckled redhead drummer girl — finally, the real Kim. Over the course of the series, she became the heart and soul of everything and has always been one of my favorite characters.



Young Neil is named after the other guy from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Everyone I knew was obsessed with Neil Young in high school; he had a little boom period in the 90s. Initially, Young Neil was actually 9 years old and hung out with these 23 year olds for no apparent reason, but I realized (a) the joke was unsustainable, and (b) I stole it from a gag in *Say Anything*.

Young Neil started out as kind of a nothing character, but he grew a lot throughout the series while staying under the radar. Visually, he was based on my friend Jacob, age 19 (i.e. he was based on a younger version of my friend Jacob from a few years before I started the book).

Stephen Stills is named after the guy from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, and is loosely inspired by my friend Joel, who was the reluctant leader of our unruly rock band in 2003-2004. He played an acoustic guitar through distortion pedals (sound guys hate that), which Stills does too. Stills dresses like a cowboy from 1972 mostly because of his namesake and partly because I was obsessed with Gram Parsons at the time.





Stills's hair looked "weird" to me in this volume and I kept changing it throughout the series, never quite satisfied.



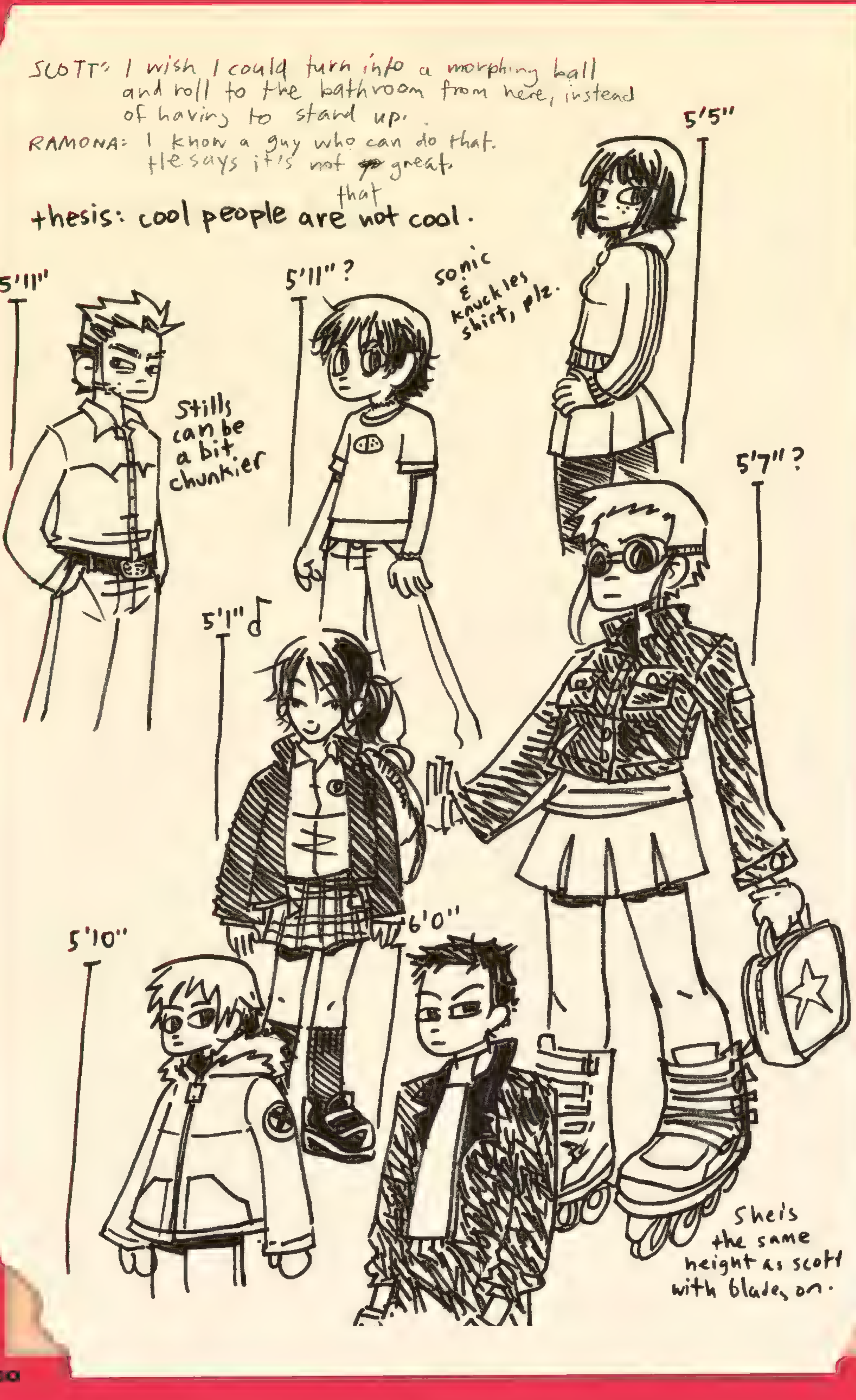


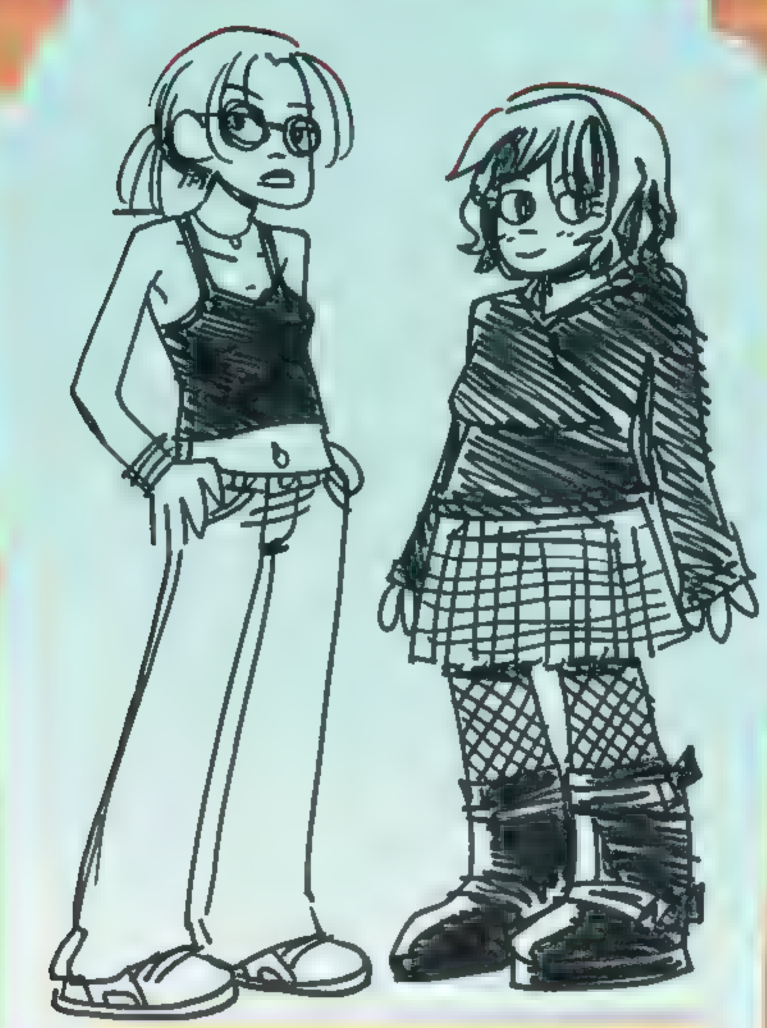
Stacey may have been inspired by my sister, Stacey.





Julie was loosely inspired by a girl I knew in Toronto. I haven't seen her since before all these comics, but if she ever reads this… I'm sorry! I liked her. She was not a superbitch. But it was easy to cartoonify her personality and turn her into one, and I was lazy. I like Julie, too, by the way. She was named Julie Powers both because it rhymes with Flowers and as an homage to Julie Power from *Power Pack*, an old Marvel comic that ruled my life when I was young.


SCOTT: I wish I could turn into a morphing ball and roll to the bathroom from here, instead of having to stand up.
RAMONA: I know a guy who can do that. He says it's not that great.
thesis: cool people are not that cool.
5'5"
5'11"
5'11"?
sonic & knuckles shirt, plz.
Stills can be a bit chunkier
5'7"?
5'1"
5'10"
6'0"
She is the same height as scott with blades on.



Sandra and Monique are basically just spokespeople for the vast sea of background characters at all the parties and shows throughout the series. They were named after two girls from my middle school classes (like in 1990-1992, so, a while ago). I wonder if they ever saw the movie or something and were like "wait a minute…"





Comeau is based on a real Comeau in real life. It's complicated.



Trasha. I guess I applied the "one of these characters is a little kid" joke here in a different and more interesting way.

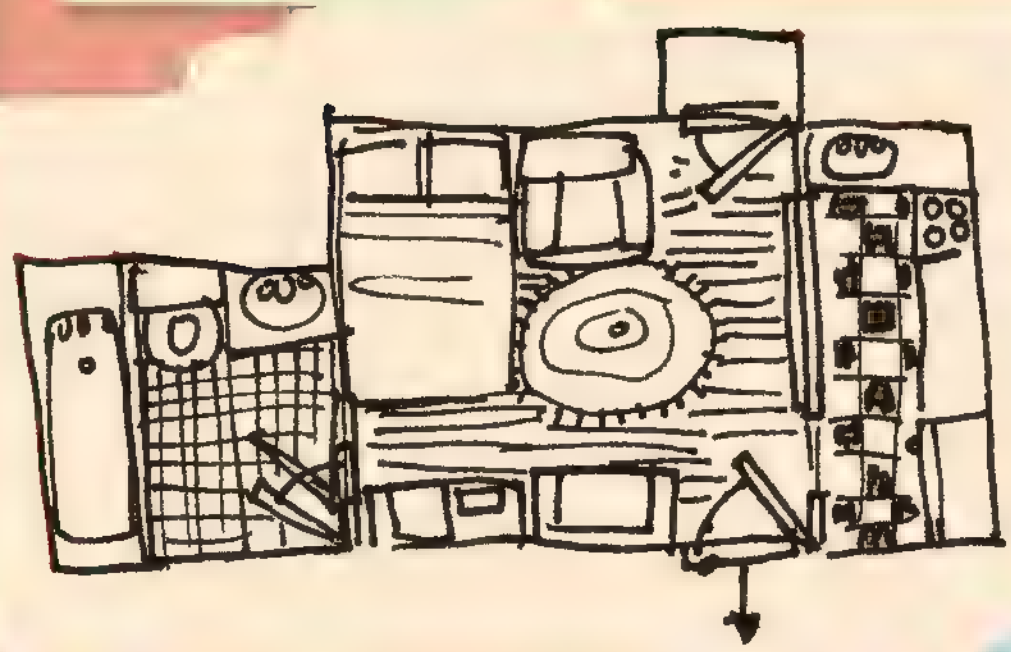




Once upon a time a roommate and I randomly saw a bunch of Bollywood videos on Saturday morning TV and I filed it away as something I wanted to do in a comic someday. Matthew Patel was created mainly for this purpose. He was visually based on a guy I saw on the train one time. Named for Harsh Patel, designer of the titling font used throughout the book: Black Letter Day.



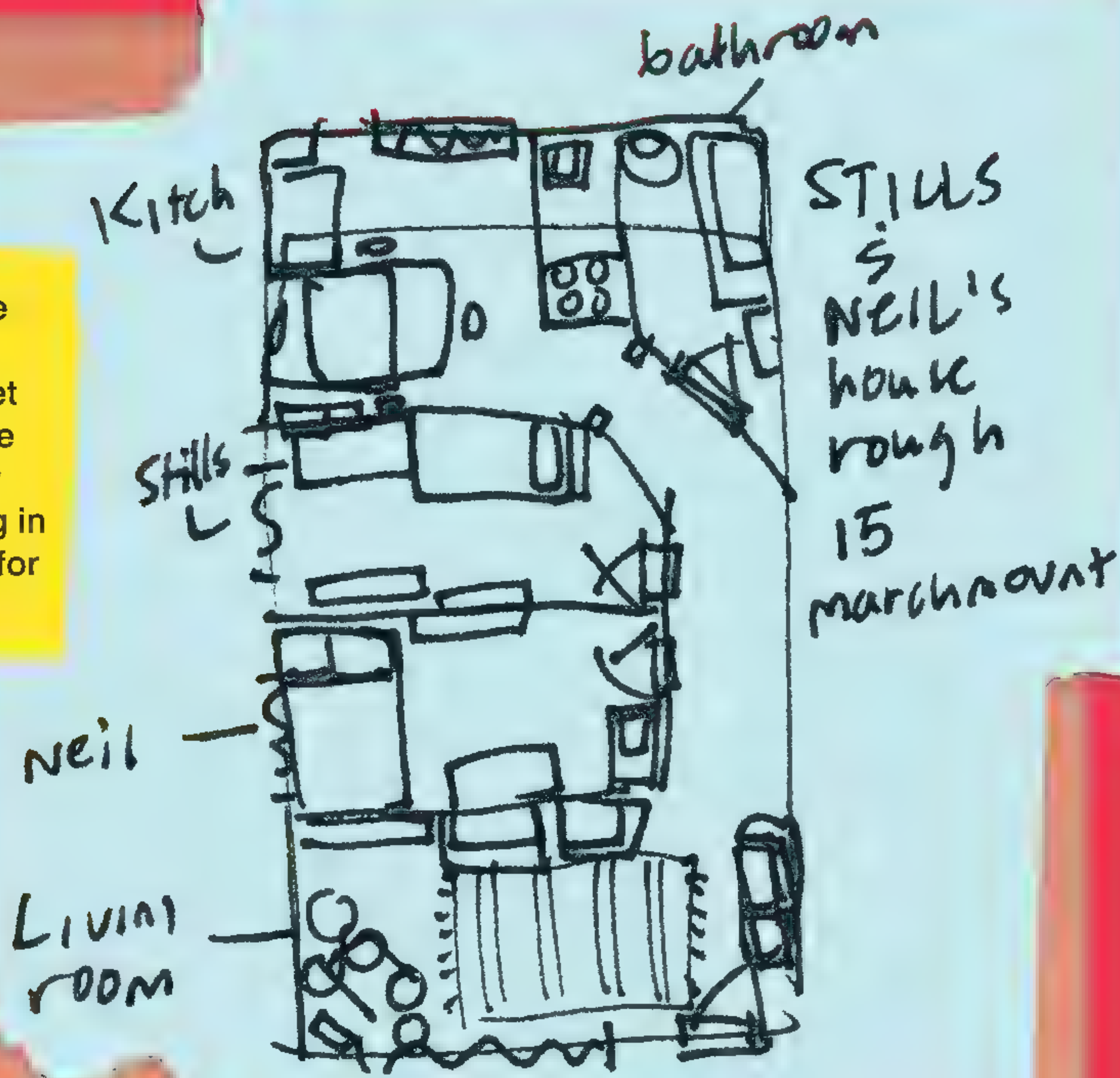
The inside of their apartment was an amalgamation of different places. The chair and TV setup was from Chris's room when we lived together. The round rug was from my room. The kitchen was from my apartment when I lived on my own. I think I had my computer on a short table like that for a while, too.



I drew a floor plan for the apartment that doesn't make any sense. The exterior/interior space doesn't make sense either — in reality that door leads to a closet-sized storage area. Oh well! It's magic!



The exterior of Stephen's house was just down the street from mine. The other end of my street curved in an appealing way. The particular house looked exactly the same as the one I was living in at the time, but I liked it better (for no apparent reason).





The interior was from a completely different place, my friends' apartment on Dundas, where our band used to practice. We used to drink Pepsi out of coffee mugs and eat toast and cook big dinners in that kitchen. It was all real life stuff.





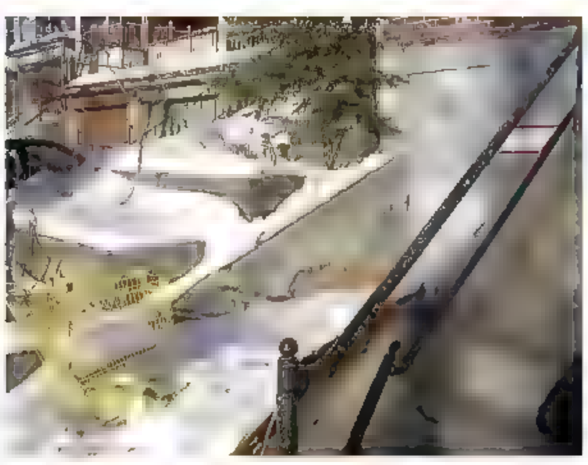




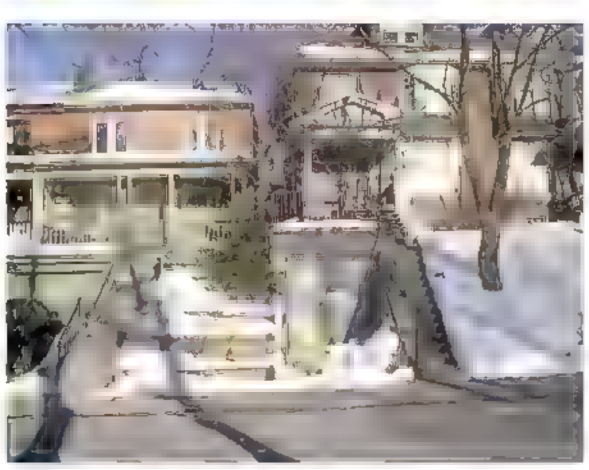


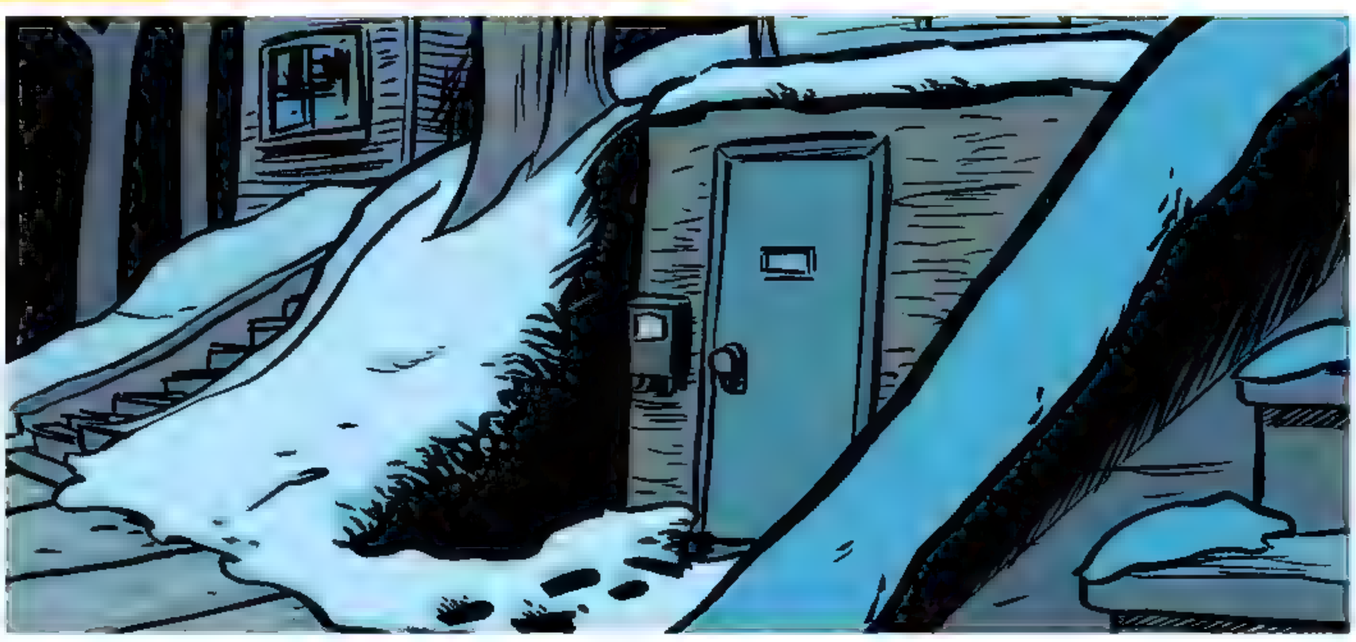
One of the things I figured out on this book was: if I set the story in my very own neighborhood, I could easily seek out locations and try to do a better job of drawing them than I ever had before. I went whole hog with photo reference. My camera back then was very crummy so these were never the best shots, but they were good enough to inject some verisimilitude into my drawings of these mundane Toronto settings.

I was walking around and spotted this bizarre little door with an abandoned grocery cart in front of it and instantly thought, "That's where Scott and Wallace live."











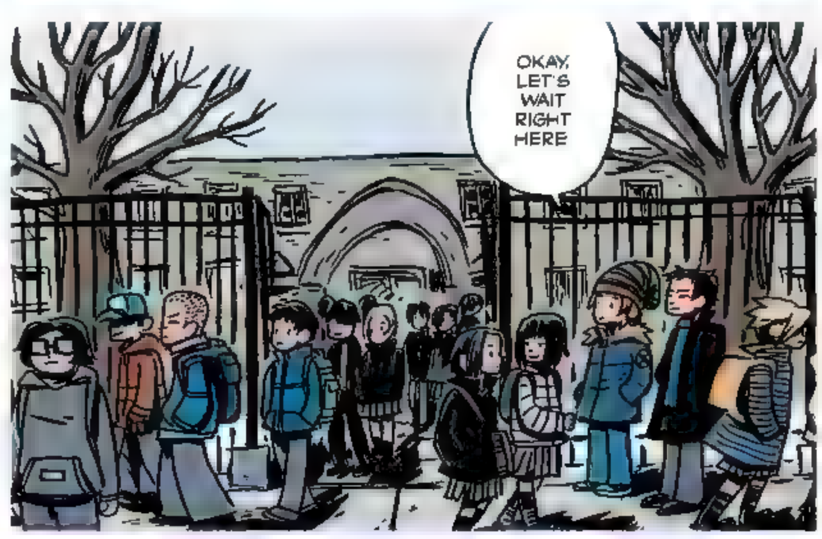




I lived one street over from this library. I worked in libraries all through school, so I have a particular fondness for them.







Knives' school is actually a boys' Catholic school called St. Michael's. The Goodwill and Pizza Pizza and other stuff they visit on their date is all on the same block as the school (around the corner of St. Clair and Bathurst).

THE ORIGINAL PITCH

<u>"Scott Pilgrim"</u>
By Bryan Lee O'Malley
For a series of original graphic novels

21 November, 2003

<u>Volume 1 plot:</u>

Scott Pilgrim is a 23-year-old jobless type of kid living in Toronto. He has a few jerky friends and they're in a band together. He lives with two gay roommates. He's dating this Chinese-Canadian high school girl named **Knives Chau**, who is totally thrilled to be going out with a 23-year-old indie rock type of guy. She's making this gradual transition from preppie Asian girl to ultra-hip scenester indie rock chick, which leaves Scott pretty cold.

Scott has hit this point in his life where he's in a sort of slacker Zen state. Nothing really bothers him and he's always pretty cheery, in a laid-back, kind of slightly disturbing way. If Raleigh from *Lost At Sea* was more complex than most people, then Scott is <u>less</u> complex than most people, and that suits him fine. He plays video games, cooks dinner for his friends and roommates, watches television, refrains from smoking of drinking or having sex with his desperately horny 17-year old girlfriend, and has a great old time of it all.

Into this comes a necessary complication: one day, Scott happens to meet a new girl who completely wrecks his mind instantly. All he knows about her is that her name is **Ramona Flowers** (a name he'll never ever forget) and she's absolutely amazing and he's smitten. She starts to show up around town and she even invades his dreams. Through various sources he finds out that she's some kind of courier or delivery girl and she's reportedly American. He conspires to meet her. He has some degree of natural charm. They hit it off. Soon his dreams come true and they're dating.

But wait – he's still dating Knives Chau, isn't he? That's bad. That turns into an ugly scene. She's a little crazy and unwilling to let go. He somehow weasels his way out. Two weeks later, Knives pops up again, now a full-fledged insanely fashionable scenester indie rock chick. Now she's dating Scott's bandmate, **Stephen Stills**. She starts hanging around all the time, coming to band practice and whatnot.

That's okay. Scott has Ramona and they're stupidly happy together, although she seems to mention someone named **Gideon** a lot (maybe her brother or something?) and she gets a little odd sometimes. Scott isn't worried – that's just part of the package when you have a cool-ass girlfriend.

Around this time, Scott starts getting letters and e-mails and the occasional polite phone call from this one guy named **Matt** who says, very politely, that they are going to have to fight pretty soon. Apparently he's Ramona's ex-boyfriend? He tries to set a date for a fight, but Scott is kind of completely uninterested in anything he has to say, and keeps hanging up and hitting delete and trashing letters. One morning the guy calls and gay roommate Wallace gets it and the guy says he's coming today whether Scott likes it or not. **Wallace** has to go to work, but he warns the still-sleeping Scott that he should probably train or something. Later, Wallace gets back and asks Scott if the guy showed up, and Scott is like "yeah, I won," barely looking up from his video game. Wallace gets upset and then Scott finally gives in and tells him the whole exciting story, relayed to us in an action-packed flashback fight scene.

That night Scott and Ramona hang out and he asks her what was up with that guy Matt. She says oh yeah, you have to fight my seven evil ex-boyfriends, I guess? He says, is Gideon one of them? But she doesn't want to talk about it. This is the epilogue of book one and sets the stage for the rest of the series.

About that:

The further books in the series will alternate between fighting, training, band practice, shows, the ongoing relationship with Ramona Flowers, the building mystery of Gideon, the continuing traumatic experience that is Knives Chau, and the constant presence of Scott's friends and family to tell him everything he's doing is wrong, all the time. It's a shonen fight comic (like DRAGONBALL Z or RANMA 1/2) and a slice of life / indie rock / romantic comedy story (like BLUE MONDAY or KAREKANO), all rolled into one. It's a slacker action romantic comedy. I have no idea how many volumes it should be – the easy answer is 7 volumes, one for each evil ex-boyfriend, but I think it can be done in less, depending on the page count. (The future volumes will have extended titles, such as "SCOTT AND THE INFINITE SADNESS," as well as volume numbers.)

Characters:

SCOTT PILGRIM: 23-year-old gifted slacker. In a band called SEX BOB-OMB or "Bobby" for short, plays guitar, poorly. Wears the same clothes every day; has a MedicAlert bracelet that just says "look out". Plays video games and spends too much time on the Internet. He is a good cook and a devilishly charming rogue. Torontonian.

KNIVES CHAU: Scott's (current) girlfriend, a 17-year-old cute, perky, Chinese-Canadian high schooler. Toronto girl. Scott met her on the bus with her mom. She thinks it's really fucking cool to be dating a 23-year-old indie rock kinda guy. Scott is content and delighted with her and generally happy in that weird, disturbing, Seymour Glass way. She is like a pretty doll and he loves hearing her talk about yearbook and high school politics and shit. They're not having sex because he doesn't want to, even though she wants to and claims she's not a virgin.

RAMONA FLOWERS: Scott's (future) girlfriend. A girl who is the shit. Age unknown, everything unknown. She is attractive, fashionable, desirable, badass, quite likely unattainable, American; a delivery girl for Amazon.com. Rollerblading subspace courier, using travel methods unknown to Canadians. Has somewhat fat legs and terrifcally pink hair. Carries a subspace suitcase that looks like a trendy bowling bag with a star on it. Her head glows (or whatever the fuck it's doing) when she's upset.

GIDEON GRAVES: (note: he most likely won't appear in Volume 1, although he will be mentioned.) Ramona's (current? ex?) boyfriend, whom she mentions offhandedly sometimes but never seems to give him the importance he seems to command. Lives in New York City. He may or may not be a 7-foot tall, long haired, impeccably purple-suited, flying, ultradimensional supervillian. He may or may not nuke the entire west coast when he finds out Scott and Ramona are dating. He may or may not make people die over the phone line. He may or may not be the last boss of Scott's life.

WALLACE P. WELDON: Scott's gay roommate, who tries not to be a stereotypical gay roommate, but obviously, fails. Acts as Scott's main foil. Hates being called Wally. Deals with Scott's training and generally has information on Scott's next opponents, somehow.

STEPHEN STILLS: Likes to be called "Steve," but Scott, et al., always refer to him as his full name, Stephen Stills, which he hates. In a band with Scott. They never seem to play instruments or anything, though. Stephen Stills is very put-upon.

KIM PINE: (from "Style") Has no idea why she's in this comic. Cute. Went to high school with Scott. Hangs around with them despite herself. She should have better things to do, but apparently does not. A constant presence, and very put-upon. Possibly in the band. Possibly used to date either Scott or Stephen Stills. Nobody really cares. "Why are you here, Kim?" is a common question in these parts.

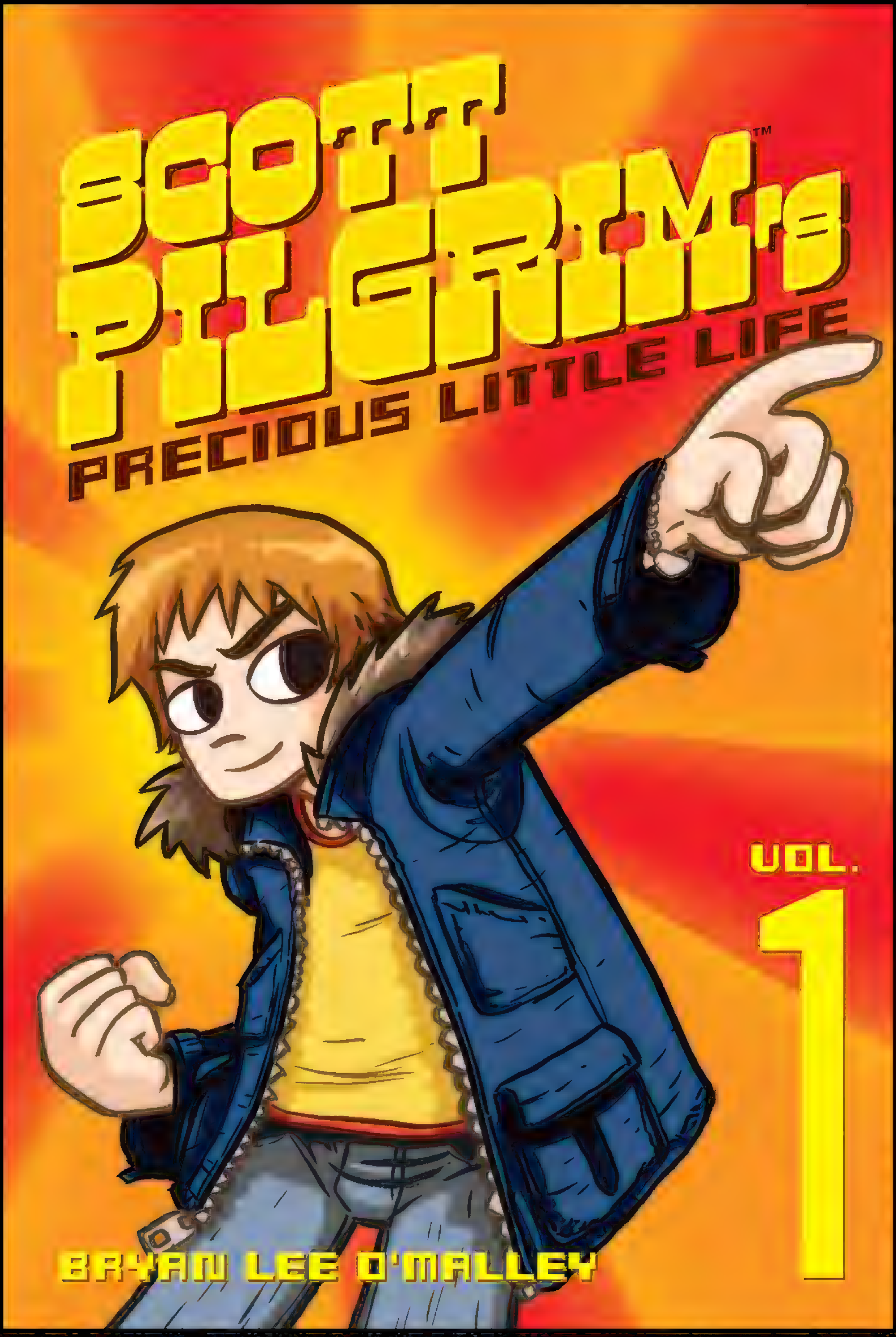
YOUNG NEIL: 9 years old. Hangs around with Scott and them. Acts just like them. Real name unknown. Possibly in the band. Possibly someone's little brother? We don't really talk about it.

STACEY PILGRIM: Scott's younger, more successful sister. Attends the University of Toronto. Majoring in saving the world. Has various odd jobs which are always somehow fabulous. Dates guys who invariably turn out gay and are seduced by Wallace.

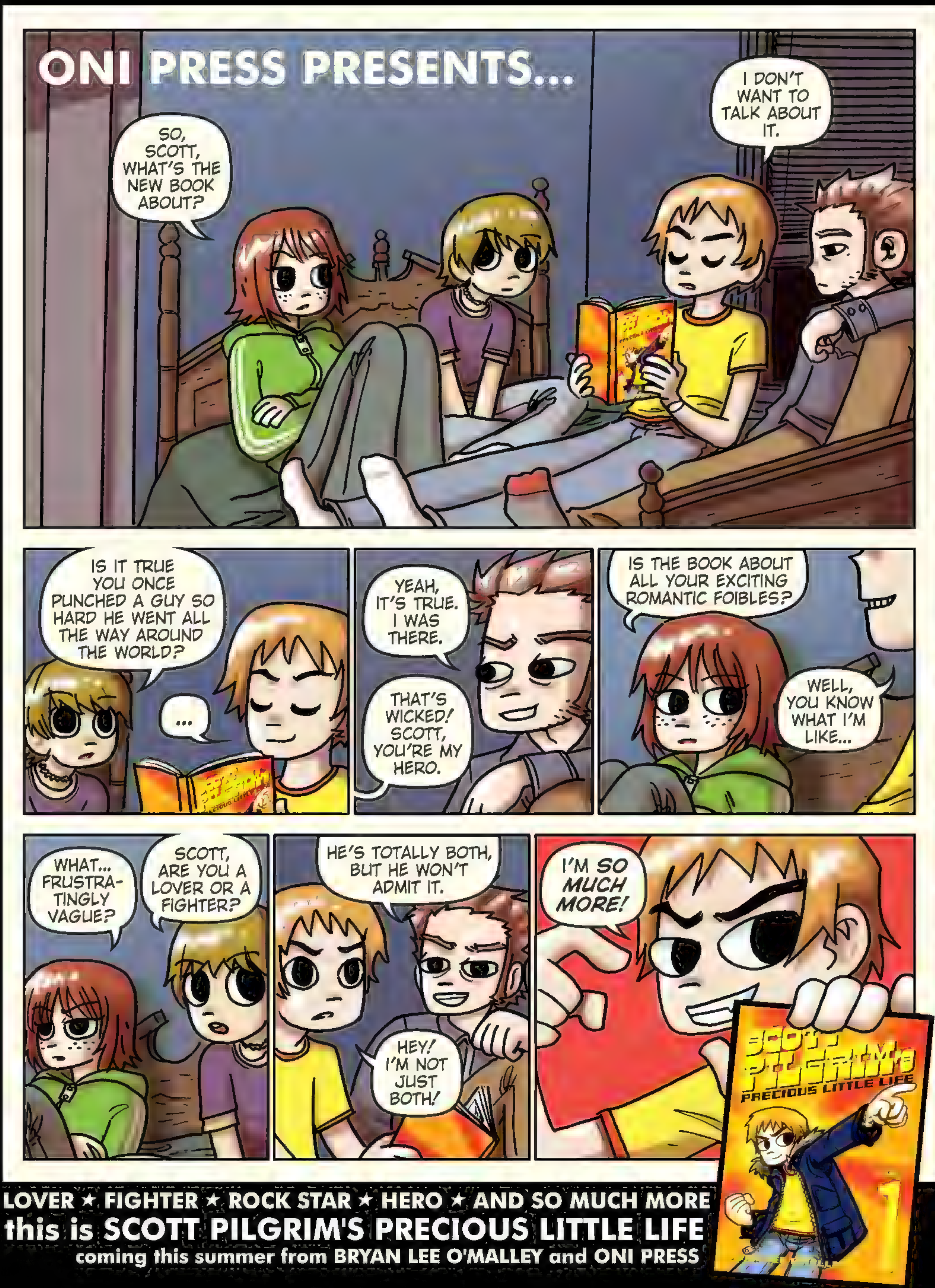




The original opening spread from *Scott Pilgrim's Precious Little Life.*



The original cover for *Scott Pilgrim's Precious Little Life*.



An original strip / ad done for the July *Diamond Previews* catalog in 2004.



BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY

is a Canadian cartoonist. His six-volume *Scott Pilgrim* series was a New York Times bestseller, an LA Times Book Prize finalist, and won an Eisner Award, two Harvey Awards, a Doug Wright Award and a Joe Shuster Award. In 2010, *Scott Pilgrim* was adapted into a critically-acclaimed major motion picture (from Universal) and video game (from Ubisoft). O'Malley lives in Los Angeles with his wife (acclaimed cartoonist Hope Larson) and several cats and dogs.

NATHAN FAIRBAIRN

is a Canadian colorist who, since breaking into the industry in 2007, has worked extensively for DC, Marvel, Dark Horse, Top Cow, and Oni Press. He won the Shuster Award in 2010 for Outstanding Colourist. Titles he has worked on include *Batman Incorporated*, *Wolverine: Weapon X*, *Swamp Thing*, and the Eisner-nominated mini-series *Mystic*. Fairbairn lives in Vancouver, BC.

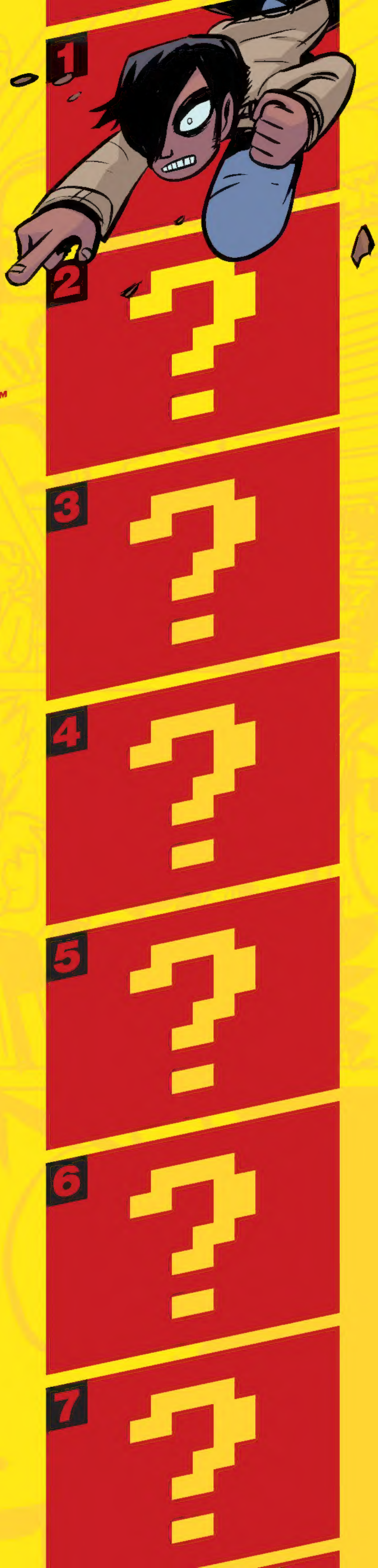


"At its finest, Scott Pilgrim is much, much more than it appears to be. It's an ambitious meditation on what growing up means to a generation for whom comics and video games are not just cultural touchstones, but the dominant iconography." – *The Globe and Mail*

SCOTT PILGRIM™

is dating a high schooler, but when Ramona Flowers starts skating through his brain, everything changes. While Scott pursues Ramona, someone else has their sights set on Scott: HER SEVEN EVIL EX-BOYFRIENDS. If he wants this relationship to work, he needs to defeat them all–but even that herculean task might not be enough!





ONI PRESS
www.onipress.com